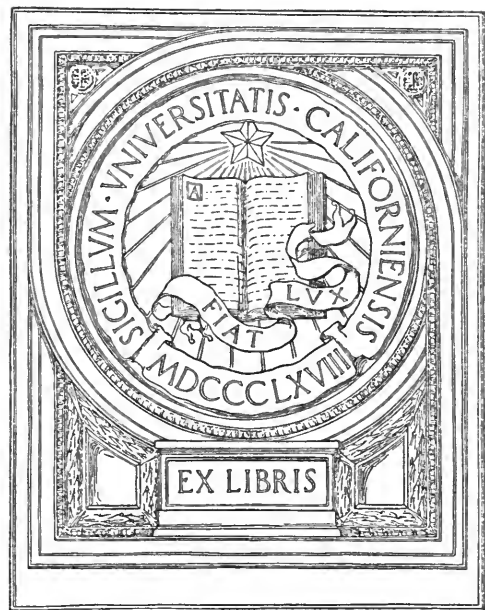




THE LOTTE  
| SAW OF QUEEN

1911



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Edmund.

# THE LITTLE I SAW OF CUBA

BY  
*William*  
BURR MCINTOSH, 1862 -  
//

*WITH ILLUSTRATIONS*  
*ALL OF WHICH WERE TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR*



F. TENNYSON NEELY

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THE AUTHOR.

“IT IS ONLY THOSE WHO HALF KNOW A THING THAT WRITE ABOUT  
IT; THOSE WHO KNOW IT THOROUGHLY DON'T TAKE THE TROUBLE.”

—THOMAS HARDY.

## The Little I Saw of Cuba.

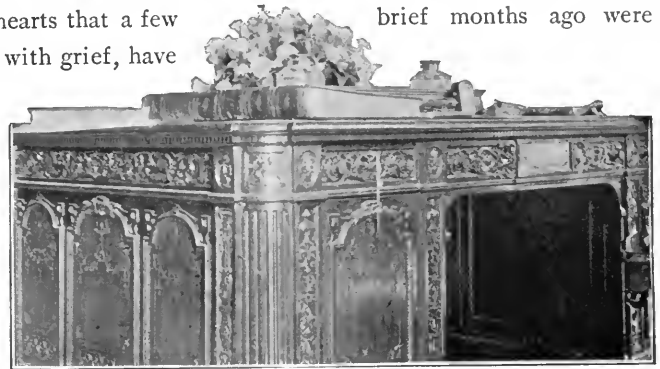
LOOKING backward, recalling the scenes and moments which seemed at the time to be filled with events of the greatest magnitude, one's mind and views cannot fail to be regarded as having been altogether out of proportion. A very slight knowledge of psychological forces leads me to believe that time has tempered judgment in the minds of almost all of those who have suffered, either directly or indirectly, from our invasion of Cuba. Many homes which have been bereft, many hearts that a few brief months ago were bowed with grief, have

learned to  
recognize the

White House, June 4th.

inevitable. The scars are there. Until the last trumpet call is sounded, they will remain. But those who have cultivated the ability to philosophize, in even the slightest degree, have appreciated the absolute futility of attempting to obtain redress. Thousands of harrowing tales have been told of suffering, of sickness, and of death.

To whom is one to turn for satisfaction? If your boy



President McKinley's Desk.

fell in the Rough Riders' first battle—in that runaway rainbow chase for glory—to whom shall you look for comfort? The leaders survived, and are achieving fame and glory. What else does the world care for? If your husband died



Army and Navy Building, June 4th.

of absolute neglect—because of there being no suggestion of comfort in the illy-equipped hospitals in Cuba, who cares to hear a recital of your woes? If he who was dearest to you, fought his fight bravely and well, and was then forced to go to the pest-holes of Montauk, instead of to your loving arms, forced to have the last vestige of life choked out of him

by strangulating "red tape," from whom shall you demand justice? A hunt for sympathy is hopelessly futile. And how insignificant the imagined woes of many appear when the real ones of hundreds are told.

Those in the advanced ranks, who fought for political or personal advancement, have nearly all been rewarded. Their fame will grow with each succeeding day. Misdeeds and mistakes will sink into oblivion, while accomplishment, however slight, will magnify.

On Friday, June 3, 1898, at midnight, I left New York to go to Washington. The desire to achieve was quite as strong as that which burned in the breast of almost any "correspondent," "reporter," or other seeker of knowledge to record. A three hours' wait in the President's reception-room enabled me to study character, and the necessity for "favor." The room was thronged by all manner of people, from senators seeking army offices for constituents, all the way to myself, whose humble petition was merely to obtain a letter granting me privileges as great as any other newsgatherer. During the hours which intervened between the arrival and departure, I was enabled to take a photograph of the desk upon which much of the business of the nation has been transacted. If there is fault to find with those at the head, I did not see it. The fault to be found with those in medium and "petty" command, I did see. Appreciating the value of time to me, Secretary Porter went to the War Department and, through the added courtesy of Secretary Mason, obtained a letter from his chief, Secretary Alger.

It is a pleasure to recall the graceful and considerate treatment of all of

WAR DEPARTMENT.  
WASHINGTON.

June 4, 1898.

To the Commanding General of the  
Military Forces of the United States.

Dear Sir:

This will be handed to you by Mr. Burr, William McIntosh, representing Leslie's Weekly. At the request of the Hon. William J. Arkell, my personal friend, I will be pleased if you will extend to him all courtesies you can in accomplishing the object of his visit. He is permitted to accompany the transports for the military forces, if not inconsistent with the best interests of the United States.

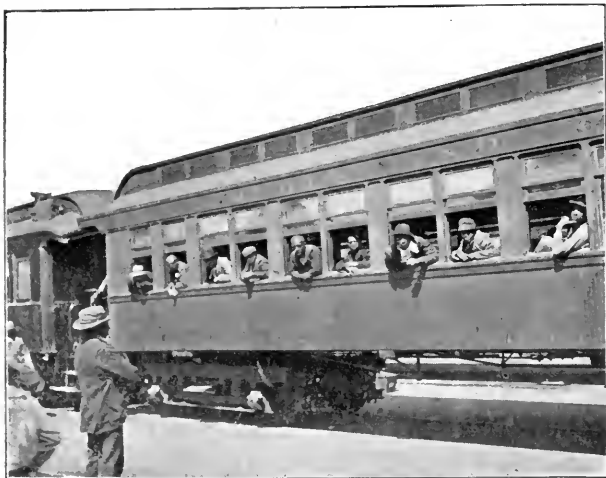
Very truly yours,

  
Secretary of War.



White House from Lafayette Square.

these gentlemen—President McKinley, Secretary Alger, and the others mentioned—when contrasted with the conspicuous absence of anything akin to it encountered after reaching Tampa. On the way down we had for fellow-passengers a



Dark Recruits.

wild endeavor to be “located”—to get aboard the most advantageous transport. But I was all right. Hadn’t I a letter from the Secretary of War, admitting me into the choicest inner circle? Hadn’t I known one of General Miles’ two aides for years, under the most pleasant circumstances, and hadn’t I several cards and notes to the other, who was such a “good fellow”? Well! After arraying myself in fine linen—purple linen, too—I called upon my old pal. He was very

number of “dark recruits,” who were *en route* to become “soldiers.” I imagine this particular car load developed into an unsuccessful “experiment.” Still they may be, even at present, drawing pay. Upon arriving at Tampa, Tuesday morning, June 7th, everything was found to be in a rather excitable condition. Even the most acknowledged tenderfoot could scent trouble. It was being whispered that the entire army was to move that night. Newspaper men were hurrying about in a



Tampa Post Office.

busy, but what did I want? "Oh! nothing much! merely to be allowed to go aboard the *Segurança* with General Shafter, with whom all of the foreign representatives and a few newspaper men were to travel." My old college chum had to leave me for a few minutes. His partner, the "good fellow," then read the cards and notes which I presented, and said he would see about it. In a few moments he returned with the information that he was very sorry, but it was impossible to get any more aboard, etc. After a few moments' reflection, in the recesses of the large hall, I decided to present my letter to



Train which Blocked Ours near Tampa.



Camp near Tampa, June 8th.



Arrival at Port Tampa, June 8th.

General Shafter. With the most fascinating beam in my repertoire, I softly knocked upon the door, entered and presented my introductory epistle, which was to obtain for me the best stateroom on the ship. Later, I thought I must have handed him an advertisement for anti-fat by mistake, but further examination showed that it was in reality my magic letter. General Shafter did, however, deign to pick it up. How much he read of it will probably never be truthfully recorded; I only know that he threw it across the table with the brief remark:

“Lieutenant Miley attends to that!”

“I beg your pardon,” I plucked up courage to say; “but I thought the letter, being from Secretary Alger, I would present it to you and the matter would be attended to!”



Sergeant Borrowe.

Mrs. Borrowe.

Miss Wheeler.

General Shafter.

General Wheeler.

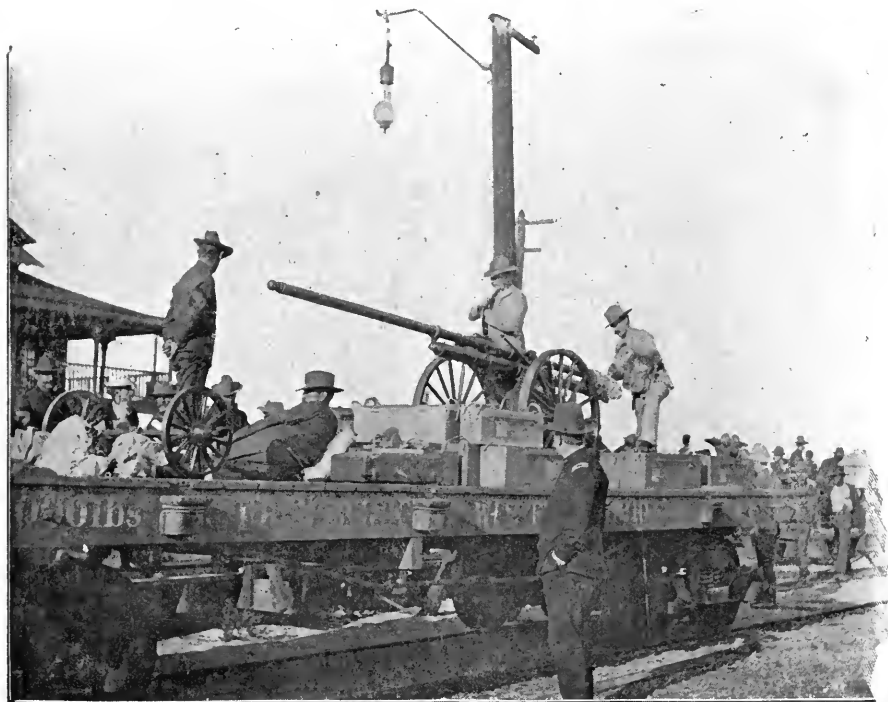
Colonel Astor.

Arrival at Port Tampa, June 8th.

"I don't know anything about it; see Miley!" Upon receiving this brusque reply, I went to "see Miley." Again the "magic letter" was offered for inspection. I was granted permission to go aboard the *Olivette*, which was

to be used as the hospital ship and newspapermen conveyancer. Several times later I endeavored to convince Lieutenant Miley of the fact that I was an exceptionally interesting *compagnon de voyage*, but he only smiled haughtily. He did however say, when I told him that the "good fellow" wished to obtain permission for me, that, "If he says you can go, that's all that's necessary." I was beginning to learn that there was *finesse* in the army as well as in the wide, wide world.

When coming from the noonday meal, I saw General Miles sitting on a couch in the hall. As the letter was really addressed to him, I presented it. After reading, he returned it with the remark: "I'll see General Shafter." That was easy. He couldn't



Inspector-General Breckinridge.

Sergeant Borrowe and the Dynamite Gun.

help it. But that he was enlisted in my services I very seriously doubted. In fact, from the manner of his reception of the letter, I was prepared for events which have since transpired. But there is One who looks after His own.

While in the rotunda during the afternoon I met "Jack" Logan. After hearing my woes he said :

"Come with

I asked him  
sented, and learned  
commanding an in-  
was on board the  
learned that, besides  
there were 400  
and that the officers  
fellows." The term  
aroused my misgiv-  
wrote a formal note  
in command of the  
ing permission to  
very graceful affirm-

ceived the next morning at Port Tampa. Of the few things which I have to be grateful for, my good fortune in being cast with the men on board the *Matteawan* is by far the greatest. There were thirty-two officers, mostly from the "Twentieth," and the others from two troops of mounted cavalry. They were, without exception, as fine a lot of men as it has ever been my good fortune to meet. I trust I may be pardoned for monopolizing the space with a few of their pictures. Gen. John C. Bates was in command. He is now in command at Cienfuegos, which can scarcely be a very desirable post. He is a soldier, a man and a gentleman. His record during the

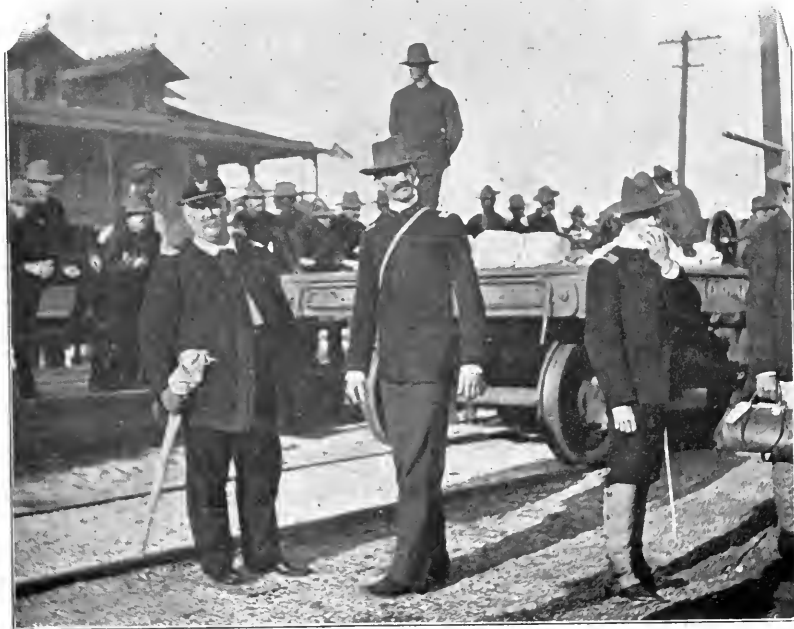
us !"

who "us" repre-  
that General Bates,  
dependent brigade,  
*Matteawan*. I also  
over 1,100 men,  
horses and mules,  
were all "bully good  
"good fellow"  
ings, but finally I  
to Major McCaskey  
"Twentieth," ask-  
accompany him. A  
ative reply was re-



Transports, 8 A.M., June 8th.

rebellion, then during many campaigns on the frontier, and later in Cuba, tells the manner of soldier he is. The love and respect of his followers prove their estimate of him as a man. His thoughtfulness, and almost womanly



General Shafter.

Lieutenant Miley.

Arrival at Port Tampa.

gentleness in his interest for the welfare of those about him, is evidence that he is truly a gentleman. But he is not a politician, and he has not, nor does he apparently seek to have, any "pull." By all the laws of right and justice, the brigade under command of General Bates should have been the first to land on Cuban soil. None



Our Foreign Guests.

other was so completely equipped throughout. Not only was he not permitted to be the first to land, but, after landing, he was kept at Siboney for more than six days, doing "police duty."

Having gotten the subject of transportation settled, I moved about the city of Tampa during the day. One of the photographs taken was that of the "post-office." The management of this was about on a par with everything else. Really expecting a letter, I "fell in" behind about forty people—soldiers, natives, white and black—and stood or "moved up" for about half an hour. At the expiration of that time, having made but little appreciable difference in my location, I went up to the third man from the front, a colored native, and offered him a quarter for his place. Thus, within five minutes, I was enabled to gaze through a small window and

shout the name which I have made to suffer for years. After the effect of the shout had died away a small, overworked-looking woman wearily took out two big stacks of "Ms," and began to pore over them. An offer of assistance was spurned. It took her exactly four minutes and a quarter. Hundreds of soldiers had to leave that night without even the privilege of inquiring for letters from home. On the floor inside,



W. Astor Chanler, June 8th.

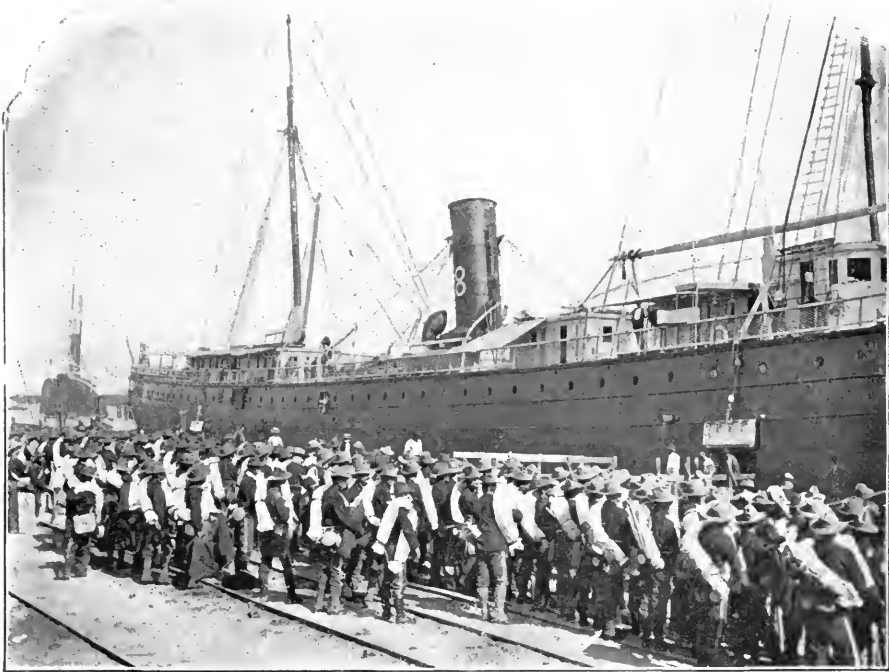


Captain Stewart M. Brice.

mail bags were piled up until the place was almost impassable.

A study of the condition of the railroad track proved an absolutely criminal congestion. An officer, high in the counsels, told me that night, during a search for clothing for a certain regiment the previous day, twenty-six cars were either unlocked or broken into before the desired articles were found. The cars were opened because there were no distinguishing labels upon them. Many contained perishable goods, and were, at that time, in a very bad condition. Furthermore, they had been there for days, and probably would remain for some time.

While seated in the Tampa Bay Hotel that evening, at about eight o'clock, I heard a heavy, shuffling tramp outside. A long line of dark figures had come to a halt. It was my first introduction to the "Rough Riders." A quarter of them were already stretched out upon the hard pavement. They had marched in from their camp, through



16th Infantry Embarking.

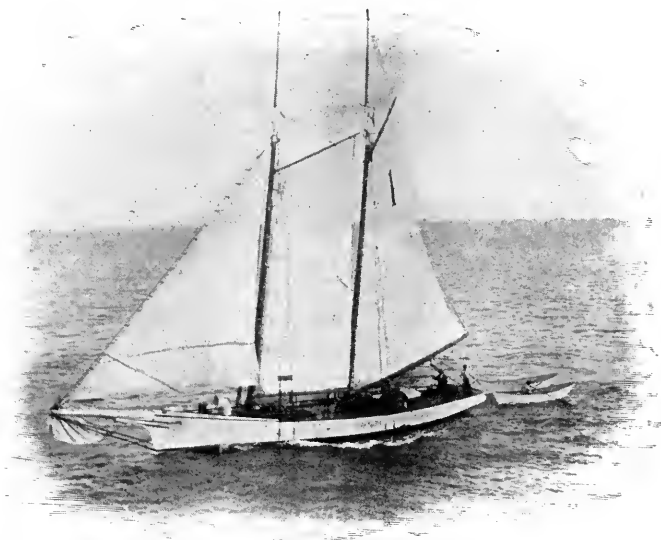


Our Protector, the "Helena."

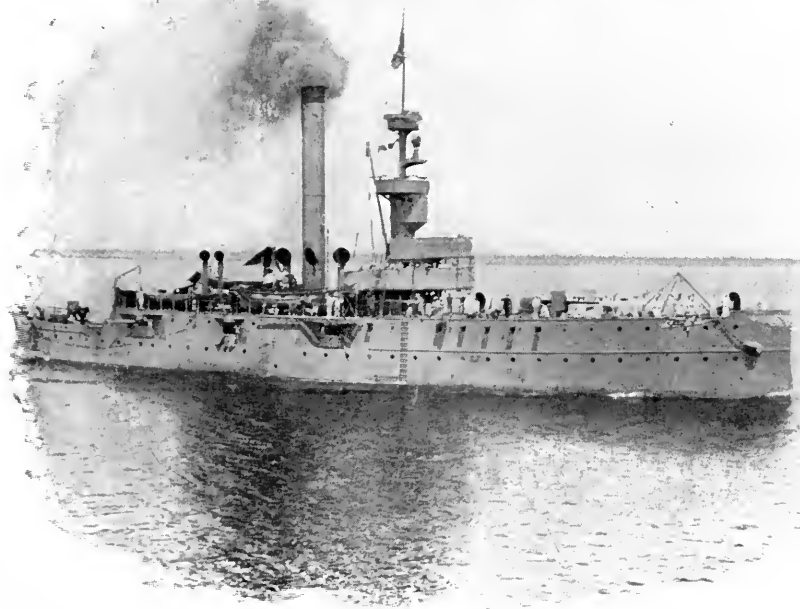
sand several inches deep, to receive their pay. It was interesting to peer into the faces all along the line, and recognize men, some of whom I had not seen for years, and others who at our last meeting were arrayed in the prescribed apparel of fashion. Channing, Devereaux and Cash of Princeton ; Greenway of Yale, whom I had not seen since the last game at New Haven ; Goodrich, Harvard's ex-'Varsity captain, whom I had not met since his Waterloo at Poughkeepsie ; Wadsworth, Bull, Cowdin, Worden, Ronalds, "Willie"

Tiffany and others. At the first glance, one could feel only like laughing to remember all of these boys as they were when last

seen, compared with their present surroundings. But a few moments of contact showed distinctively the attitude of every man. They were there for accomplishment, each determined to be ahead of, or at least beside, his fellows.



Pilot Boat off Egmont Keys.



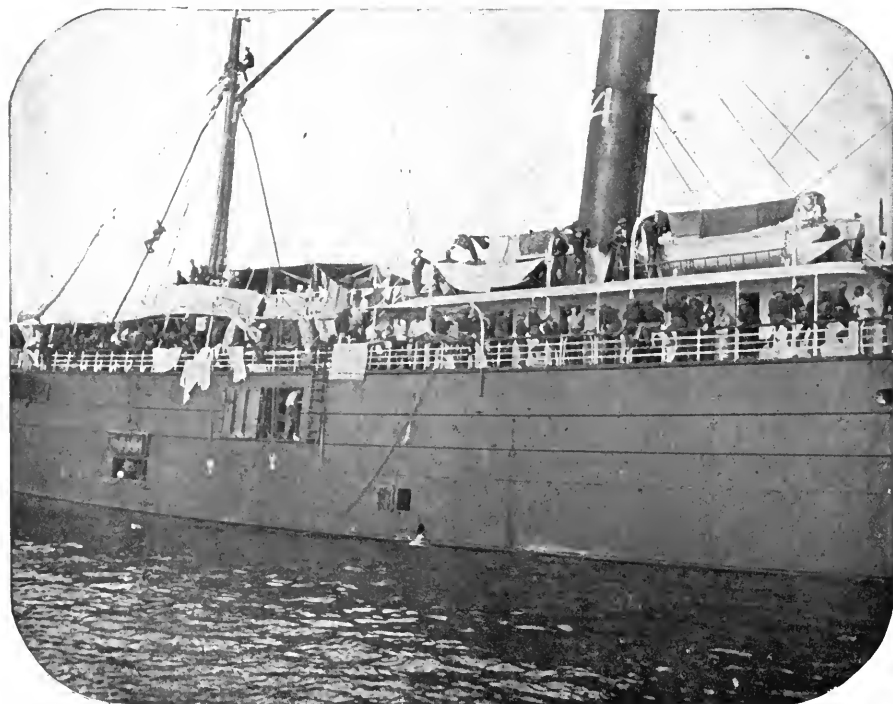
The "Helena."

was deserted long before sunrise. In the meantime, a general activity was shown. Word was passed to the newspaper men that they were to be permitted to journey to Port Tampa, on the train with the commanding general. It was

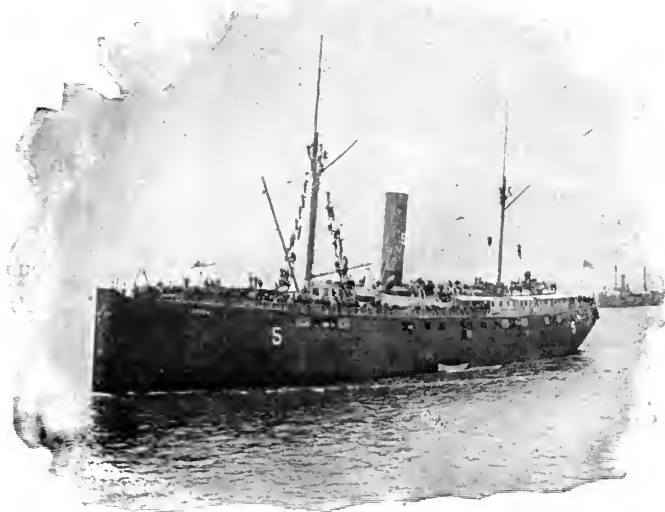
Later, I moved along the line to the office of the paymaster. It happened that while there, I saw "Willie" Tiffany draw his last pay, which he did with a smile of mingled pride and satisfaction. When Elliott Cowdin received his quota, he having the privilege of "falling out" for a few minutes, we went into the hotel. One of his thirteen dollars was immediately exchanged for two long, fat cigars. He was quite the happiest man in the place, because he only learned late that afternoon that he was to be taken from his troop—which was to remain—and transferred to the lucky ones.

Outside, a few moments later, hurried whispers proved that the reports of the intended departure were true, and shortly the "Rough Riders" were on their way to their camp, which

further stated that this train was to leave Tampa at 2.30, and generally understood that everybody was to go immediately aboard the transports, which were to be under way before daybreak. The scene in the rotunda of the hotel, from ten o'clock that night until the departure for the train, was most interesting. All of the foreign representatives were attired in their full regalia. Scores of officers, in various uniforms, were moving about, either attending to farewell messages, final duties, or saying good-by to wives, sweethearts, or sisters. Some of these scenes were infinitely more painful to witness than the miseries which were encountered later. Half after two arrived, and no sign of the departure. An hour later, for some unexplained reason, the foreigners began to move out across the lawn to the "special train" which was in waiting. This train consisted of three passenger cars and two for baggage. The former were about on a par with the commonest smoking cars familiar to the North. Within



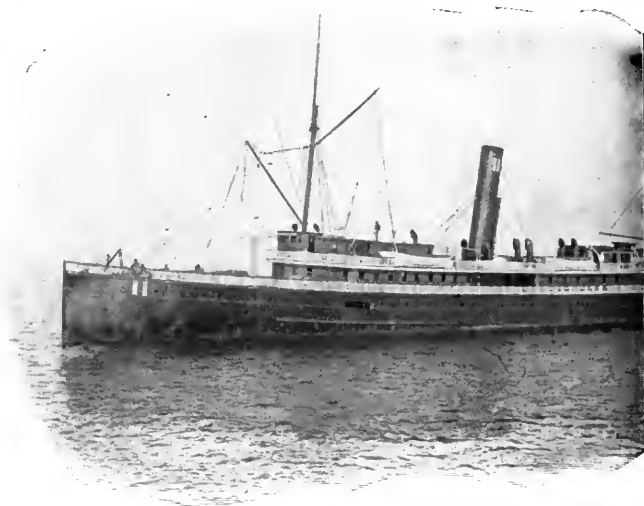
The "Cherokee": in the Bay.



The "Seneca."

discourtesies which others soon learned to take for granted. After sitting in the cars until long after daybreak, we were made aware of the fact that something was happening. It was soon learned that General Shafter had arisen and was sitting on the porch overseeing the loading of his personal effects into two cars. This done, half an hour later we started. After a ride of a few hundred yards, we were

a very few minutes these were all packed. The representatives of the great foreign nations—who were our guests—"hustled." There was absolutely nobody detailed to look after their welfare or comfort. They were crowded into these cars like sheep. While it is quite true that "War is hell" and "no picnic" and all that, still I can hardly reason out why these men should have been subjected to the



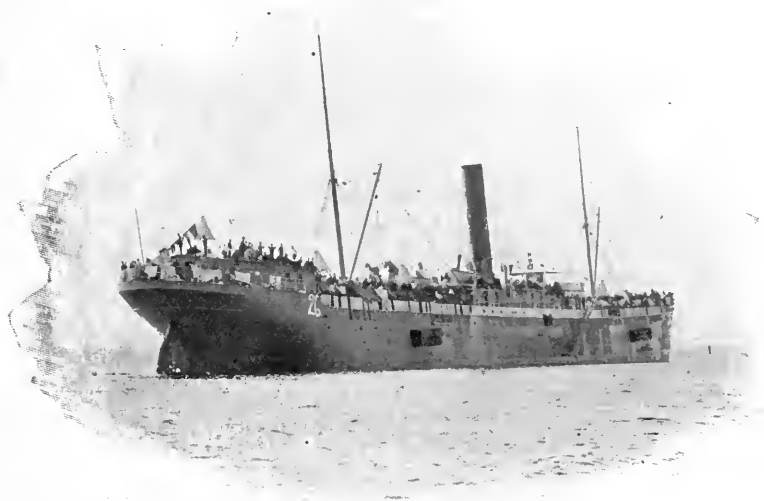
"Olivette," Hospital and Newspaper Boat.

halted, because of a train ahead blocking the track. Another hour passed, and we reached Port Tampa. A number of rather interesting groups and people were "snapped" immediately upon our arrival. The first was a group at the rear end of General Shafter's car—quite an interesting one, because of the prominence acquired later by all of the men in the party. Two of them were of especial interest to me—Colonel Astor and Sergeant Borrowe. It was really an interesting study to watch the democratic bearing of the former. In conversation one evening, during that long period of tiresome waiting at Port Tampa, I remarked: "It seems rather strange that you should take the risks and fortunes

of war, when life means so much to you."

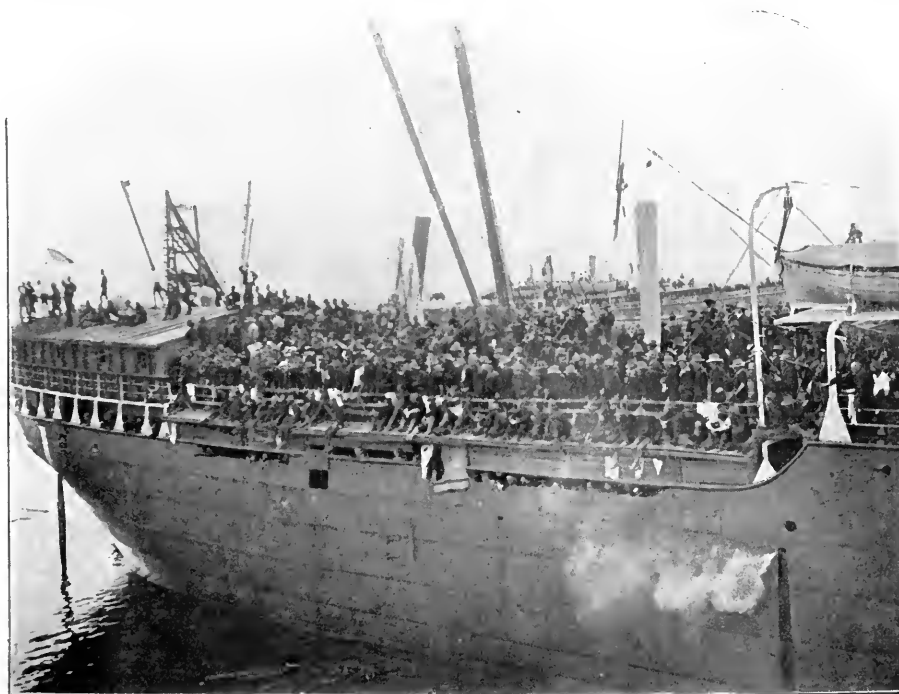
His reply was: "We only have one country. If we lose that, we lose everything. We're all in the same boat."

I saw him leave Siboney late one afternoon, to ride, unaccompanied, a distance of seven miles through a country fraught with many dangers. Then on El Poso Hill during the firing of our guns upon San Juan, and still later on board the *Aransas*. While this ship was docked at Santiago he sent men for a large supply of ice. He was ever ready to perform his duty or deeds of thoughtfulness. Hundreds of others also performed praiseworthy acts, but, somehow, I feel a bit of innate satisfaction in mentioning these few facts. Hallett Borrowe was another whose achievements were excep-



The Dear Old "Matteawan."

tionally interesting. Up to within a few minutes of six o'clock on the day the order was given to leave Tampa, it looked very much as though he were to be left behind. He had been with the "Rough Riders" in Texas, but his troop was one of the unfortunate "stay-at-homes." During the day he arranged to be with General Stone on the



"Matteawan" Docking, Afternoon of June 9th.

Engineer Corps. At the that General Stone should Somebody suggested the dy-bit of influence he was then reported this informa-and asked permission to go remain behind. He was vided the gun went with the this seemed impossible. effected. It will serve no the petty smallness of one lauds to-day. Had fate had not returned, it would highly interesting facts to history of our late war. *Yucatan* with the "Rough

a more devoted slave to

gun. I saw it landed at Daiquiri on the evening of the first day. There was no way to get it to the front. By justifiable bribery it was advanced well across the mountains toward Siboney the night of the 23d. Here he was halted by the commander of a Massachusetts regiment. Expostulation was in vain. The night was pitch dark and the rain fell heavily until almost daybreak. After sitting up all night, looking to the welfare of his priceless mules, Borrowe was finally permitted to depart. He arrived in Siboney some time after eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th, as wretched a man as one may imagine, when told that the "Rough Riders" were in a fight. He immediately pushed

last moment, it was decided not go to Cuba at this time. namite gun. By aid of a given command of it. He tion to his chief officer with the gun rather than granted permission, pro-"Rough Riders." At first Finally, a compromise was good purpose to relate here or two whom the world been unkind to him and he be my pleasure to add some the unpleasant side of the But he finally sailed on the Riders." There was never anything than he was to that



"Comal."

"Yucatan."

Last Time the Caprons, Father and Son, Met.

on to the front, arriving too late to be of service, but during the hottest of the fighting, on both the 1st and 2d of July, nobody was responsible for more deadly work than Sergeant Borrowe and his dynamite gun. Dozens of people

told me of his marvellous, reckless courage, while he and his men stood for hours in a peculiarly exposed position. Captain Hallett Allsop Borrowe deserves all of the credit which may be bestowed upon a man who accomplished what he had undertaken.

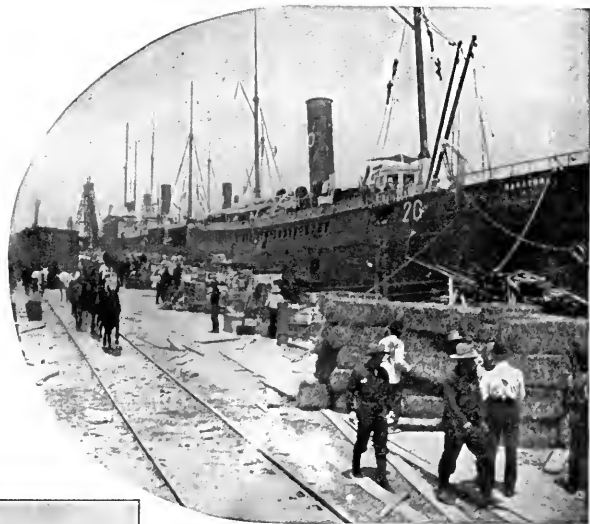
It is a great pleasure to be able to feel kindly and admiringly toward a man and to have an opportunity to express that admiration. Of course it is better in every way to "never say anything of a person, unless you speak kindly"; but as these few impressions are the reflection of personal observation and belief, it would be unfair to myself and to the reader were they not presented with fidelity. When people censure me for bad taste and lack of diplo-



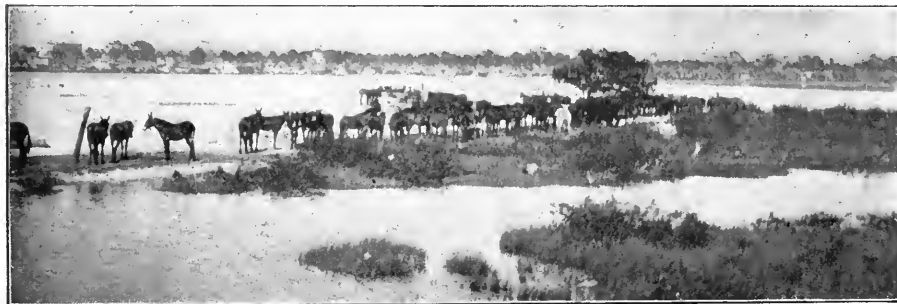
At the Dock, June 10th.

macy in commenting upon idols, I see my error. When acts of a certain general have been criticised, a great many people have said : “ What have you against the *South* ? ” Nothing. I am extremely fond of the South and of Southern idols, but when one sees a Southern idol—and a Northern idol—under the guise of fighting for their country, act as press agents for themselves and each other in their pursuit for political advancement—when a close study of their acts proves this fact, one must record the truth. Perhaps what may be styled the “ ill-advised venom ” in these remarks is prompted by personal prejudice. Perhaps it is because others, who did quite as much, or more, have received no credit, they not having “ claimed everything.”

The arrival at Port Tampa on the morning of June 8th was

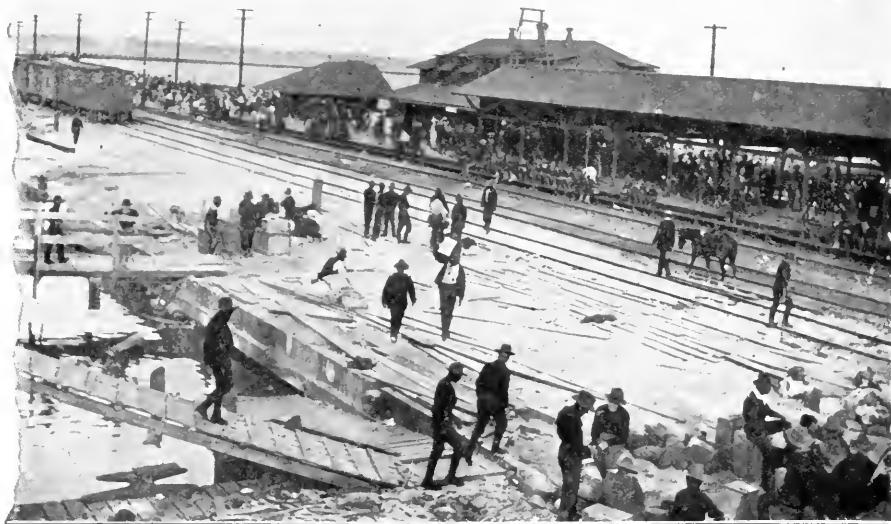


Loading and Unloading.



Sweet Liberty, Sunday, June 12th.

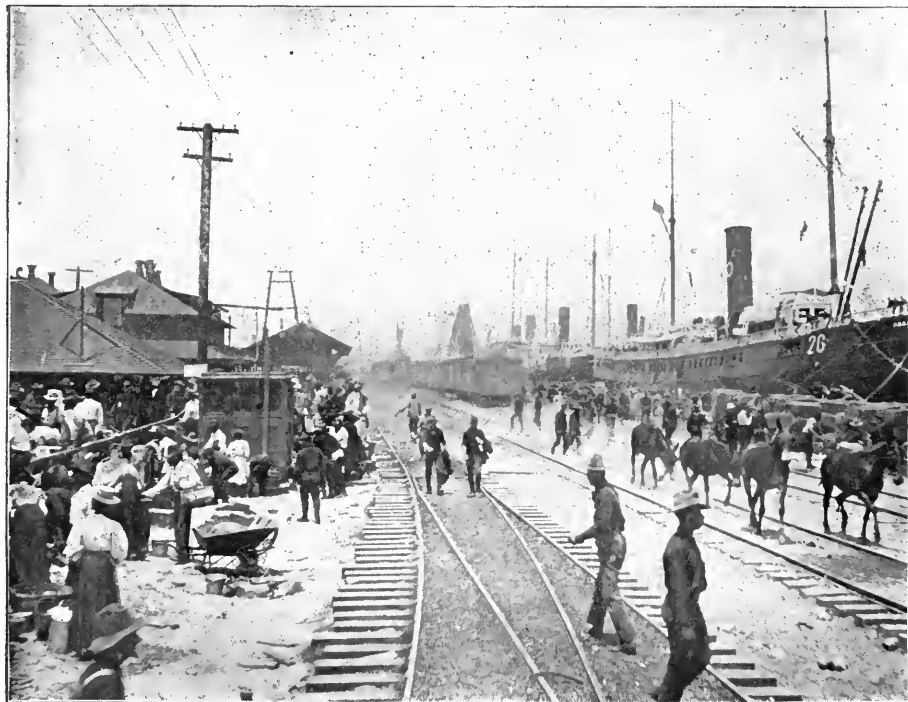
the signal for a great deal of bustling on the part of everybody to see who could accomplish the least with the greatest possible fuss in the longest time. Scarcely anyone knew just what was to happen, or how. After snapping a few more pictures, amongst



Baggage Room, Post and Telegraph Offices, Port Tampa, Sunday Afternoon, June 12th.

others "Willie" Astor Chanler and Captain Stewart M. Brice, both of whom "made good," I hurried aboard the good ship *Matteawan*, expecting to depart immediately for Cuba. We lay there for several hours, when we were told to proceed on our way. Everyone prepared to write "farewell letters." Just before sunset we arrived five miles off

Egmont Keys lighthouse and, according to orders, dropped anchor. There were a dozen transports lying about. The picture of the pilot boat shown was taken after the final farewell to the man who had guided us thus far on our journey.



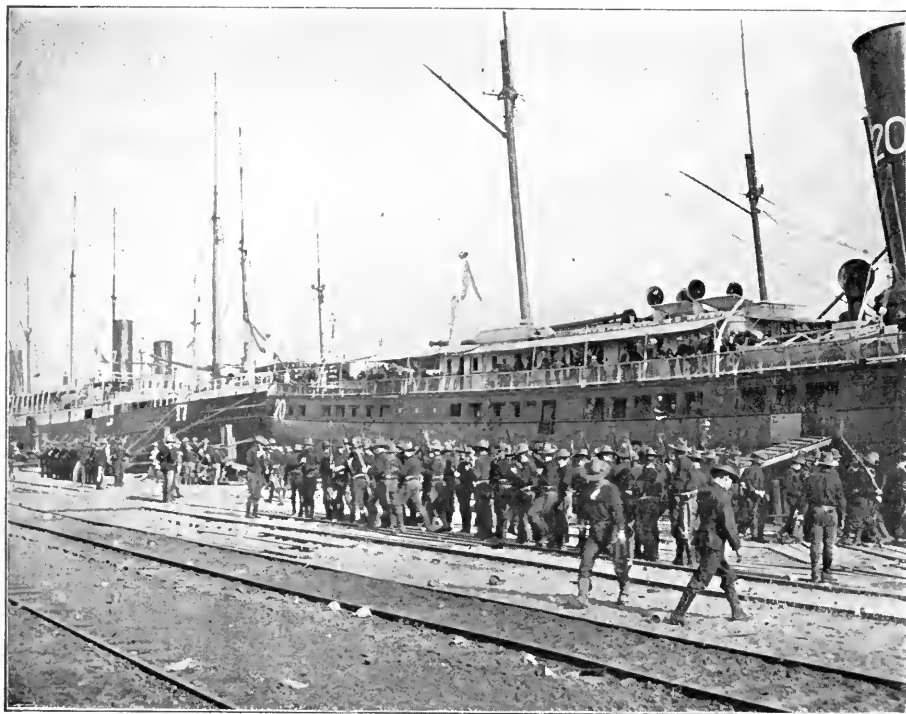
Prisoners Released.

Away off on the horizon to the south, the dim outlines of a wrecked schooner could be seen, and near her, almost as far as the eye could reach, those of our own *Indiana*. It was an impressive moment. Our last letters were on their way with the pilot and we were now but waiting for the dawn of another day, then to proceed on the journey which held so many varied possibilities for us all. Hardly had the evening meal been—no, not enjoyed—gone through with, than a very busy craft was seen running up to one transport after the other. When she came within hailing distance, the dulcet tones of the megaphone frightened the sea-gulls from their perches, with the order: “Return to Port Tampa immediately. There is a Spanish fleet

outside the bar." At the moment the order was given, nearly every officer in the command was on the bridge. Scarcely a word was spoken. The sentiment of all was voiced by one who finally remarked : "What damned rot!" For the rest of the evening, everybody presented a lengthened face. Those on our boat were regular army men. They were there equipped, ready and anxious for fight. We were anchored a good half-mile farther toward our goal than any other transport. To the joy of all, the captain of the ship refused to return, because his charge was too unwieldy and he didn't know the channel. So we retired, in the calm assurance that we would lie there until the next morning, when the others would return from their wild-geese chase and the journey would be resumed. Next morning at daybreak I awoke, feeling the ship in motion. Hurray! we were on our way. Only we weren't. Through the wooden slide at the foot of my bunk, the classic



Friday, June 10th.

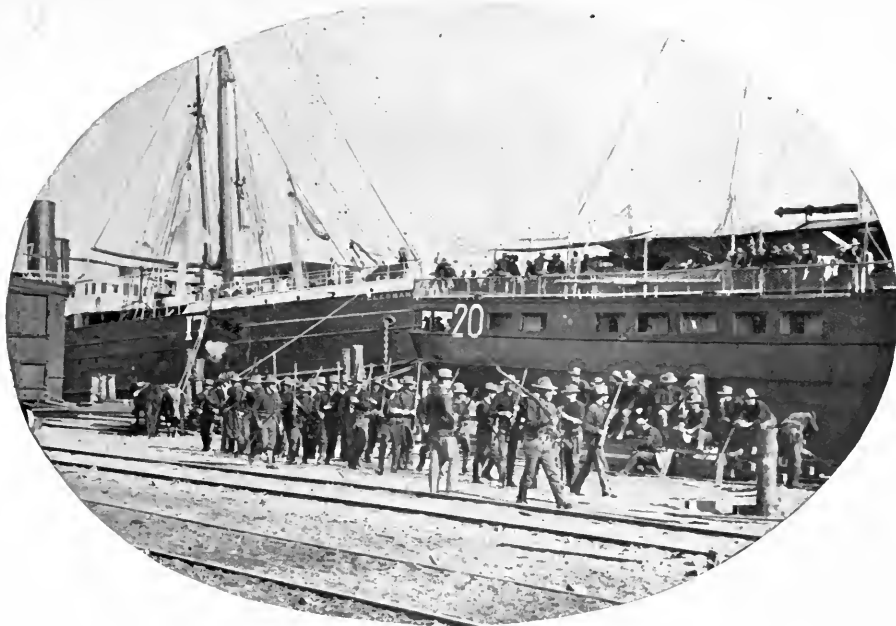


13th Infantry after Drill.

walls of dear old Port Tampa were once more visible. Yes ! a pilot had come down on a special boat during the night and we were " added to the list."

The next few days were quite as remarkable in their way as any through which I have ever passed. Possibly it would be well to be able to reconcile oneself to existing conditions, but it is a failing of a very large majority of newspaper men of the present day, that they imagine everything should be done exactly as they wish and have planned. Otherwise, with the present liberality, which enables almost any writer to give vent to his personal feelings through the columns of the paper which he (mis)represents, it usually goes rather hard with the officer who

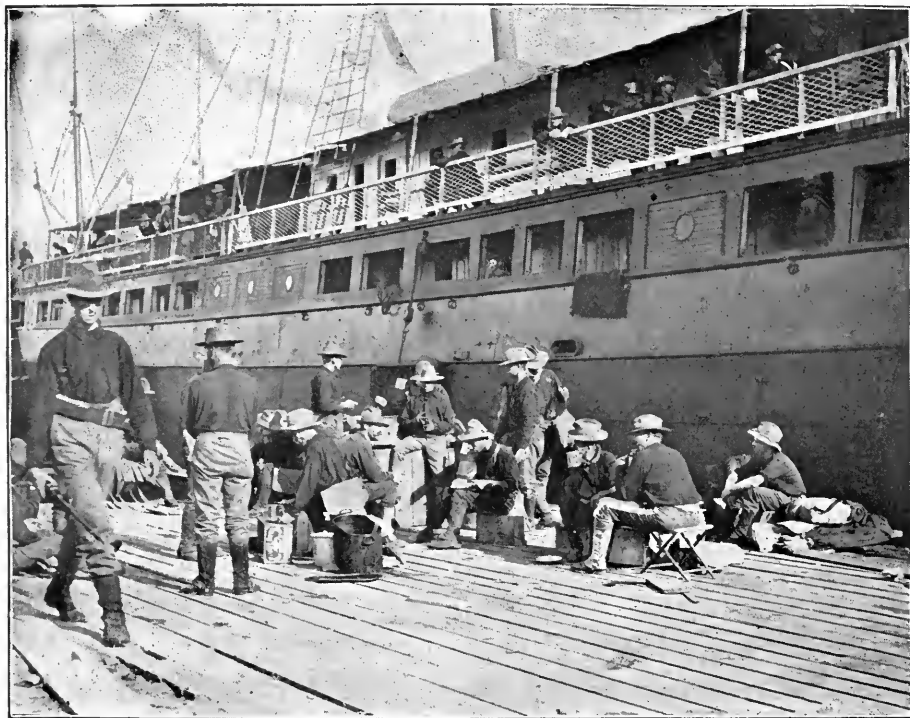
has been so neglectful as not to have cultivated his general acquaintanceship or friendship. Therefore it was that General Shafter and his aide, Lieutenant Miley, both of whom seemed to take an especial delight in cultivating the



"Break Ranks!"

enmity of every newspaper man with whom they came in contact, were subjected to so much unpleasant criticism. It was this failing which was responsible, fundamentally, for the unkind comments upon General Shafter. Both he and Lieutenant Miley were about the last men in the world that one would wish to meet, if seeking a favor or courteous reply to anything. And yet they performed the duties which they went there to perform. Lieutenant Miley did as good

work, if not better, than any other officer in Cuba. He was on El Poso Hill early on the morning of the 1st, one of the most inspiring and indefatigable of workers. Later in the day, about four o'clock, after he had been for hours in



13th Infantry at Breakfast.

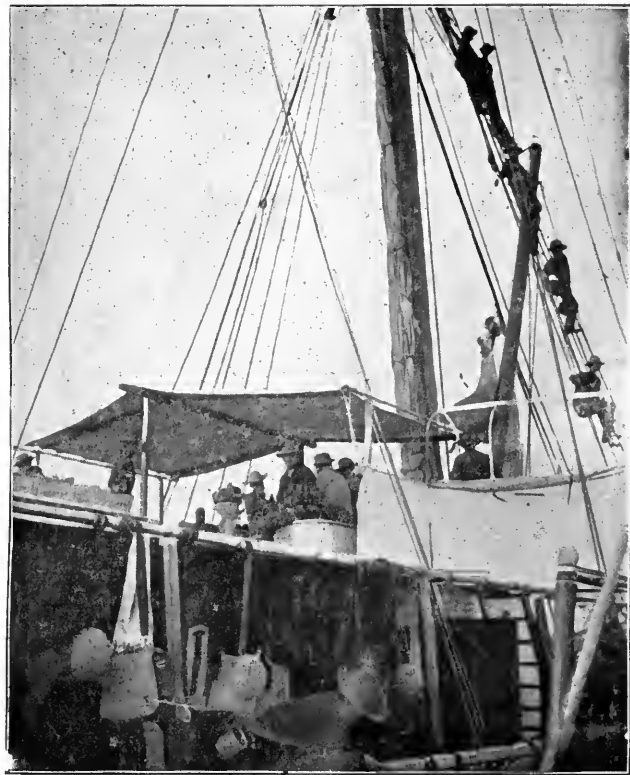
the thick of the fray, I saw him at the ford by the "Bloody Angle," his tall figure rearing like a monument amid the chaos and death which surrounded him.

"Our Foreign Guests" were photographed shortly after our arrival at Port Tampa on the morning of the 8th. They are surrounded by several of our army representatives and a few natives. They were kept standing there for several hours pending their boarding the *Segurança*. "Sergeant Borrowe and his Dynamite Gun" are interesting, because of the fact that he and it are apparently being "examined" by Inspector-General Breckinridge, who is standing there.

The "*Matteawan Docking*" was taken on Thursday afternoon. While

but little of romance is here, there is a suggestion of her unromantic appearance. I came ashore, *via* the pilot boat, early in the morning and was thus enabled to welcome her. The other "Scenes about Port Tampa" were taken at intervals from Thursday until Monday. The mules and horses coming up the track had just been liberated from the various ships. Those on the *Matteawan* (over 300) had been aboard for eight days, having come from Mobile. If actions really speak, those poor beasts told volumes, judging from the way they rolled about on the jagged clinkers and ties. They were being driven to a camp a mile and a half inland, where they were permitted to revel from Friday morning until Sunday afternoon, after which they were returned to their prisons, to remain for ten or twelve days. They were packed side by side, a rope the only partition, and about six inches of space between each. Those lying down had given up the struggle and found their final rest in the bosom of the deep, broad sea. Had fate been less propitious, had even the average rough weather prevailed, another dark chapter would have been recorded.

The "Post Office and Telegraph Office" will be of interest to many, because of the fact that every letter, or telegram,



Walter Cash. Mason Mitchell. "Willie" Tiffany.  
On Board "Yucatan," Friday, June 10th.



Sergeant Hallett Allsop Borrowe.

which was sent to or from Port Tampa passed through this small, inadequate building. These two offices were in the large building. The smaller one to the left is the baggage room. Telegrams from there to New York cost nine cents per word. The railroad fare from Tampa to Port Tampa—nine miles—was forty-five cents, or fifty cents for the round trip. One generally learned of the “round trip” after boarding the train.

Sunday evening, June 12th, in company with two officers, I went into the post-office to try to search for letters which we were all expecting. The office in Tampa was as a barren desert, freshly scoured, when compared with it. There were letters to the number of hundreds of thousands piled up in one side of the room, at least three feet deep. A great many had been assorted and placed in several bags hanging in a row along the wall. From these were taken package after package of letters directed to different regiments. Many to whom they were addressed were still aboard transports in the dock, while others were lying out in the bay. Thousands of farewell letters were there, to be received weeks later in Cuba, or perhaps lost or returned. Undoubtedly, many misunderstandings arose which left indelible impressions upon faithful hearts. And yet I never saw a more obliging or hard-working man than that postmaster. He had been laboring night and day with his army of two assistants. Therefore, if any hearts have gone astraying, because of loving messages not having been received at that time, turn back, I pray thee!

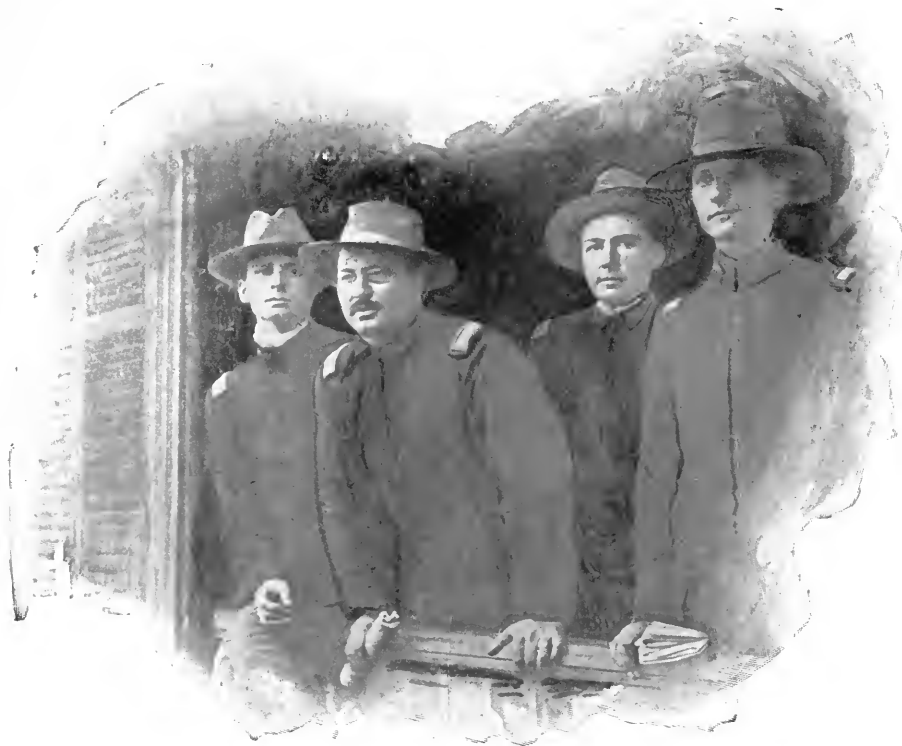
The “16th Infantry Embarking” gives a very fair idea of the way the men appeared while waiting to go aboard the transports, and “Sweet Liberty” shows a number of our life-savers during their brief sojourn on land, Saturday, June 11th.

The "13th Infantry at Breakfast" same morning. Similar ones The "13th Infantry after Drill" after the semi-daily exercise. shortly before sunset, Captain *Saratoga*, where we met Major produce something of a life-colored liquid with a frothy Milwaukee, and having been for some time, the taste was From the main deck we stepped lying close alongside. Here I Stevens, doing guard duty. Go-Craig Wadsworth, Henry Bull, Mason Mitchell, and "Willie" sunset, and so the photograph not be reproduced here. One with some success—not what I is in every way, it is by far the four hundred which were developed of success. I had returned to the *Saratoga* and was waiting for the men who were in the group on the upper deck to follow—they having accepted the invitation from Major McKibbon to enjoy the hospitality which had been extended to us, when someone moved toward the man who was doling out the evening provender. It was the first time I had seen him



Last Photograph of Sergeant Hamilton Fish, taken Alive, Friday, June 10th.

is a typical scene, taken the were enacted all along the wharf. shows one of the companies just On Friday evening, June 10th, Brice and I went aboard the McKibbon, who had promised to saving nature. It was a brown-white top. It had been made in resting in close proximity to ice extremely bracing and gratifying. across to the *Yucatan*, which was found Lorimer Worden and "Joe" ing to the upper deck, we found Elliott Cowdin, Walter Cash, Tiffany together. It was after which I attempted to take will taken a few moments later met could wish, but even poor as it most precious one of more than oped with greater or less degree



Exton. Crallé. Davis. Lafferty.  
 Graduates of '98. The Latter Two were Killed before San Juan.

for several months. Upon the last occasion he was clothed in the height of fashion, and surrounded by all the luxuries which it is possible to enjoy. After he had been given his portion of "canned beef," beans, and hard-tack, I shouted: "Hello, Ham!" He turned, and walking to the rail, started to extend his hand, but at my request, deposited his precious burden beside him and posed for a "snap." As he did so I said: "Now, look like a Tough Rider." Little did I dream at the moment that it was to be the last picture taken of poor "Ham" Fish alive. Afterward we shook hands, and he joined the rest of the party, still carrying his precious burden, which act was the cause of a great deal of joking and merriment on the part of everyone. We then went our various ways, they to return to the *Yucatan* and I to the *Matteawan*.

In looking over the photographs which are reproduced here, it seems almost fateful and makes one really believe in that "rule of three," to find three almost consecutively, one or more in each of which was doomed never to see his home again. Sunday afternoon, while talking with Lieutenants Crallé and Exton on the veranda of the Tampa Bay Inn, two unusually good-looking boys in uniform approached. They were introduced as fellow classmates. At my suggestion, all four moved to the railing and leaned over in order that the sun might strike their faces enough to obtain, at least, some semblance of a photograph. This proved to be another one of extreme interest, because I believe it was the last photograph taken of Lafferty and Davis. They had all four been graduated from West Point only a few brief weeks previously. The history of the gallant death of both has often been told by newspapers and historians. Later that afternoon I again met Tiffany, Wadsworth, Bull, and Van Schaick. They were retailing, without any suggestion of complaint, the actual hardships experienced on shipboard, during the few days they had been lying out in the harbor. Having been granted a brief furlough of three hours that afternoon, they had come ashore

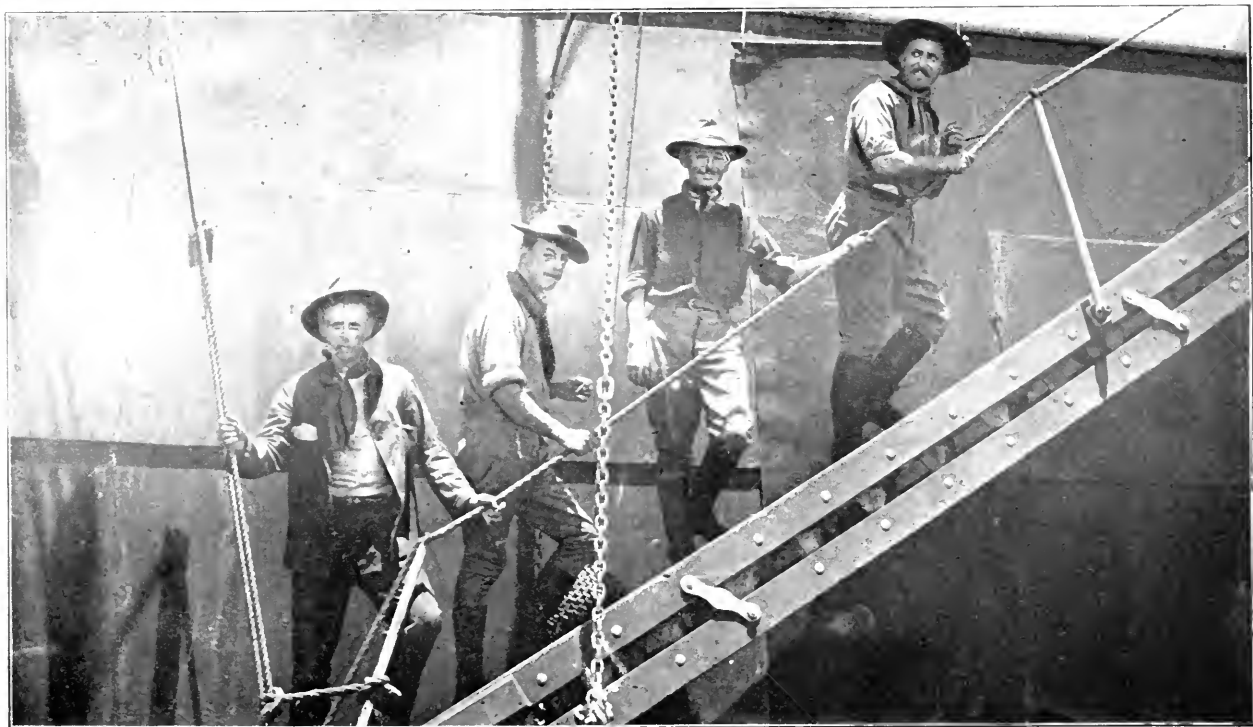


Rough Riders, Sunday, June 12th.

to skirmish for whatever they could lay their hands on in the way of edibles. Inasmuch as the native venders of bad chicken and worse fish had been refused permission to run in opposition to the army fresh beef, there was no possible way for the young men to secure anything. I suggested that a few things on board the *Matteawan* might be helpful—a box containing about twenty pounds of lemon wafers, some pickles, and lemons was underneath my bunk at the time. Relying upon my ability to replenish the store the next morning, I invited the party to go aboard and bear away the precious provender. It is a matter of deep regret that the picture of the four men taken that Sunday afternoon, while going aboard the *Matteawan*, should contain one to mar it. The one at the foot of the ladder would have left a very much better impression upon my mind had fate only decreed that he should have stumbled and accidentally been drowned; but he was there, and after having accepted my hospitality on one or two other occasions later while in Cuba, Mr. Cook finished with a grand flourish by stealing a very precious pair of boots. But as we must take the good with the evil in life, the picture is herewith produced, as it is one which will undoubtedly be prized by a great many friends of Sergeant “Willie” Tiffany—it being the last photograph taken of him alive. The circumstances of his death in Boston, after having come north aboard the ill-fated *Olivette*, have been published and commented upon quite extensively. There can be no question in the mind of anyone that, had he been permitted to land at Montauk, as Captain Borrowe was, “Willie” Tiffany



“Rio Grande” Backing Out, Sunday, June 12th.



Sergeant "Willie" Tiffany.

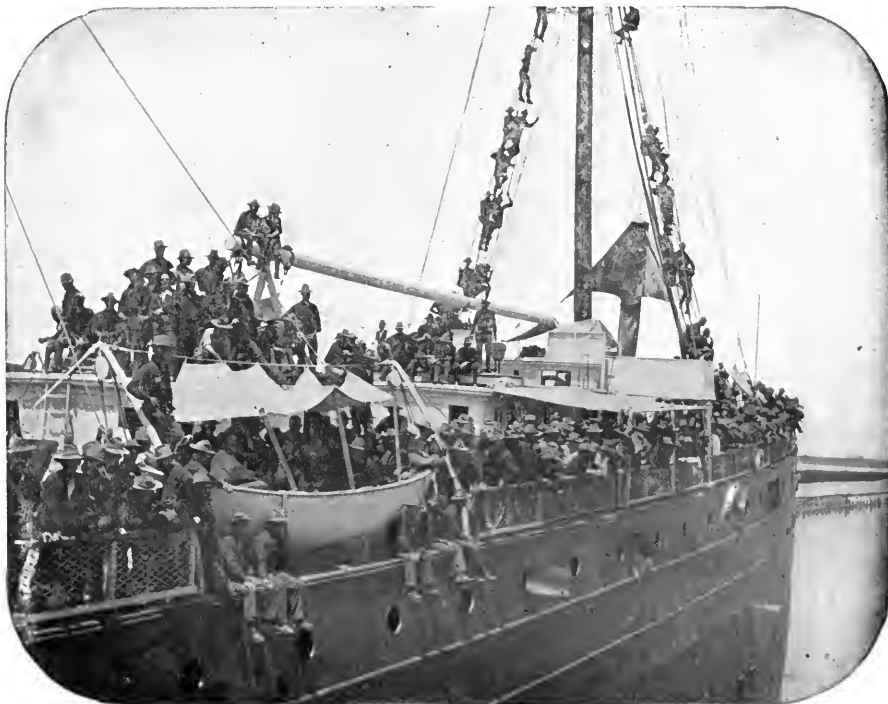
Henry Bull.

Craig Wadsworth.

THE LAST PHOTOGRAPH OF SERGEANT "WILLIE" TIFFANY, GOING ABOARD THE "MATTEAWAN," SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 12TH.



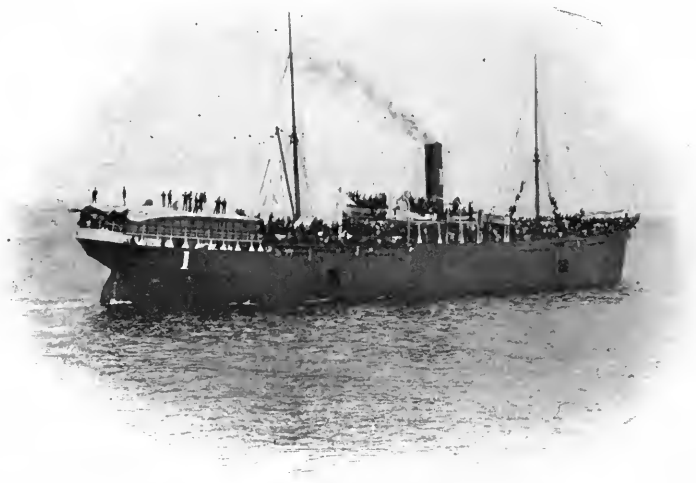
would still be in the land of the living. Or even had he had five pounds more of weight to lose, he would in all probability have withstood the ordeal, even after reaching Boston. I saw him the night of our landing at Daiquiri, June 22d, as cheerful and anxious a soldier as any in the entire regiment. After the Rough Riders' fight at Guasimas, he was lying on the ground, quite exhausted from the work of the last few hours, the most cheerful and sunny-looking man of the twenty or thirty who surrounded him. On the morning of July 1st, after our guns had begun firing from El Poso Hill, while returning to the foot of the hill in search of a rubber coat, I saw Tiffany, Cowdin, and Thorpe—Princeton '85—Bull, and two or three others, sitting in a group, waiting anxiously for the order to move to the front. Cowdin shouted: "Hold on, there! Take us. Now, look pleasant, fellows!" But I was in a hurry to get back to the excitement. That was the last time I saw "Willie" Tiffany.



"Rio Grande" Backing Out.

How little we can judge of what is the proper thing to do ! That scene is not imprinted on one of my films. It would also have been the last picture taken of Thorpe, who died performing his duty.

Still another death is recalled by seeing the "*Comal* No. 7" and the "*Yucatan* No. 8" lying within a few yards of each other in the slip at the *Comal* was Captain gallant commander of the *Yucatan* was his boy, Cap- This was the last opportunity each other by the *tan* followed the *Comal* Sunday afternoon, things nite shape as, one by one, of the slip on their way to or three pictures of the passed our ship, give a number of men and their cheers, and shouts of rec- Major McCaskey stood on *awan* waving a smiling was a member of the 6th



"Miami," on which the "Rough Riders" Returned.

Port Tampa. On board Allyn Capron, Sr., the 5th Artillery, while on the tain Allyn Capron, Jr. nity father and son had to hand, although the *Yuca-* all the way to Santiago. began to take more defi- the transports backed out join the fleet. The two *Rio Grande*, taken as she very good idea of the animal spirits. Music, ognition filled the air. the bridge of the *Matte-* farewell to his son, who Cavalry.

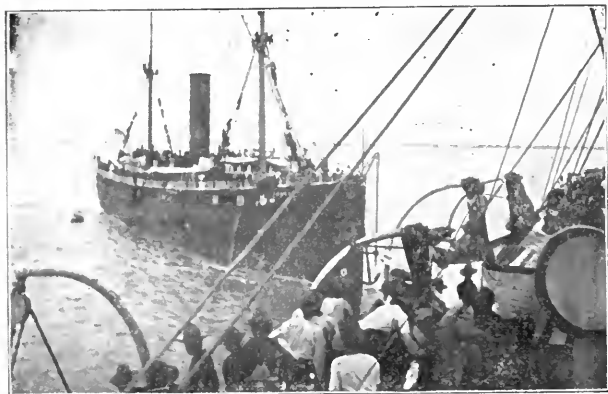
The various scenes, incidents, and intrigues which it was possible to hear or witness during those few days would fill many volumes, but we were finally under way, leaving the memories behind. At daybreak on the morning of Monday, June 13th, it was confidently asserted that the expedition was to start; but a great many of the older officers and men



"Mucatan" Approaching the "Marteawan," Monday Evening, June 13th.



"Getting Nearer!"



Nearer!



Almost a Collision.

shook their heads and said : "No, not on the 13th." And so, whether caused by superstition or for reasons of which outsiders knew nothing, the start really was not made until next day. When we awoke Monday morning, we found that



The Final "Farewell Letter."

the *Matteawan* had pulled out before daybreak and was anchored five miles down the bay. As it was an even chance that we would not start until twelve o'clock at least, I climbed aboard a steam tug which had come alongside and returned to Port Tampa. A long and arduous search for food in the company's store there, showed that those in charge must have had a Government training: it was impossible to purchase anything which you wished, even though it was lying before your eyes. Prohibitive quantities, or red tape of some kind, rendered it impossible to make purchases in anything like a reasonable length of time ; but, with an armful of food and other things, at about eleven o'clock, I hastened away and chartered a sailboat. The

wind at the time was blowing at the rate of two and five-sixteenths miles an hour. This terrific speed was not to be kept up. After proceeding about a mile the sails became limp and lifeless. The captain of the boat, a rather "shifless" looking sort of young man of twenty, and his crew of two, began to "pole." At the expiration of another hour and a half we were within a mile of the *Matteawan*. It was discovered that the tide was actually assisting

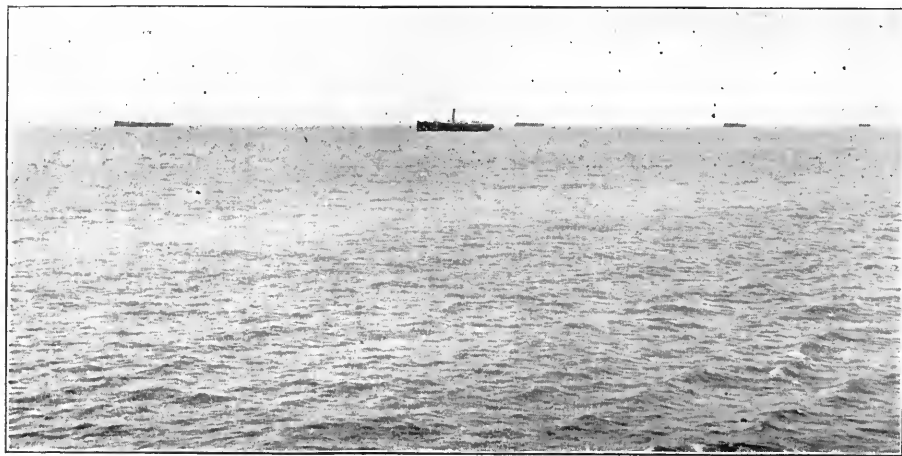


The "Margaret," with General Miles and Party Aboard, steaming through Line of Transports, off Egmont Keys, June 14th.

us, in fact really doing more than its duty, for we were being carried out. By desperate "poling" on the part of all four of us, we finally came to within a third of a mile of our goal. Seeing that the chances were, that we would ere long be at the mercy of the deep sea, I began to utilize the lungs which had been so advantageous in earlier years, in such cries as : "Hello ! Hello ! Man drowning !" and kindred expressions. A boat was seen to leave the side of the *Matteawan* and come toward us. It developed that it was in command of Lieutenant Kockersperger. Handicapped

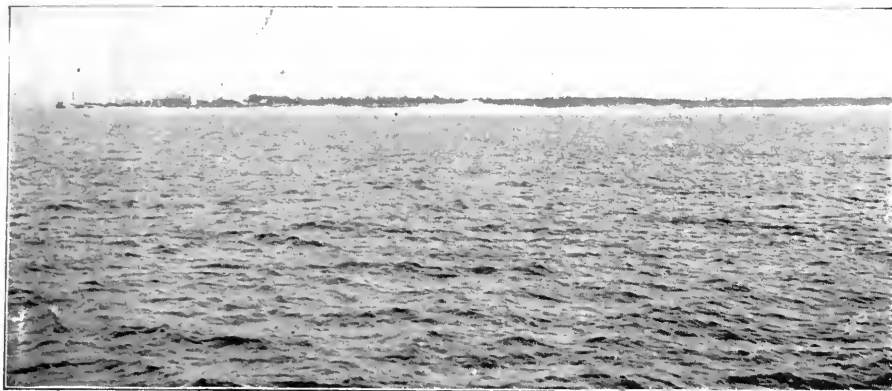
as it was with a name like that, it finally got to within twenty yards of us. An expression of supreme disgust and regret passed over the features of the commander of the craft, when he found that nobody was actually drowning, or starving, or being burned to death. It was only after a half-hour of expostulation and when we had been carried about three hundred yards down the bay, that we were finally rescued. The boat I left anchored there, to return with the aid of a good wind several hours later.

That evening, an hour before sunset, while the *Matteawan* was lying at anchor—again waiting for a pilot—the procession of transports passed on the way to Egmont Keys. It was a succession of interesting and inspiring moments. As each one sped by, the band on board played a spirited tune, while cheers from the hundreds of throats on both ships added enthusiasm and excitement to the scene. Suddenly, out of the mist, I saw a large figure “8” loom up against the side



At Sea, June 16th, Flagship "Segurança" in the Centre.

of one of the fleet. I turned my machine on her at a distance of about two hundred yards. As she approached, it became evident that something was wrong with her steering gear. When one hundred and fifty yards away, her whistle blew and the huge anchor on the starboard side dropped suddenly, while the heavy churning of the sea in the rear proved only too plainly that the *Yucatan* was, for some unknown reason, getting beyond the control of her navigators. Her course changed,



Five Miles off Egmont Keys, June 14th.

The love of adventure and danger was so strongly engrafted into those on board both vessels that, instead of a sigh of relief, a very pronounced one of disappointment seemed to come from the breast of every man within hearing. A number climbed over the railing of each vessel in an endeavor to shake hands with the men on the other. After a brief halt of a few

and for a few moments—inasmuch as her bow was aiming directly at us who were standing on the bridge—visions of the first big “scoop” crowded through my over-anxious brain. When about two hundred and fifty feet away, it became evident that she was finally under control, although not until her bow was within three feet of the *Mat-teawan* did she come to a dead stop.



“On The Way,” June 17th.

moments the *Yucatan* began to recoil, and was soon speeding on her way. It developed that the steering apparatus had really become seriously confounded, and, had the vessel not been brought to a halt at the instant she was, it is highly probable that there would have been no "Rough Riders'" deeds to record in Cuba and, more, this addition to "war literature" would not have been forthcoming. Thirty-five hundred pounds of dynamite, which was later to be associated with the dynamite gun, rested in her bow.

My unlucky star was already beginning to set in the firmament of "misses."

That night, nearly everybody was busy writing the last instalment of "farewell letters." We knew that we had

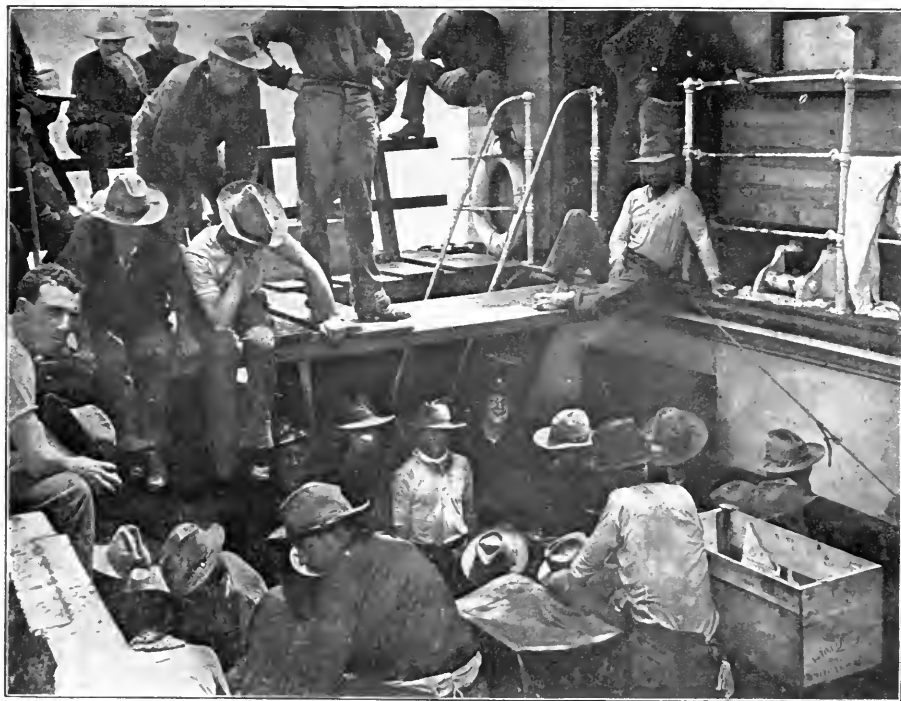
surely left our homeland behind, that some of us would not rest foot upon it again for weeks, perhaps not for months, perhaps—never.

During my life I have seen the lights of Fire Island, Sandy Hook, Staten Island, New York, after having been away for months and was returning to those who were dearest to me on earth. The conditions have been reversed, as these views have faded when entering upon journeys in quest of fortune, but there was always a certain definiteness to those occasions which was entirely foreign to the feelings and thoughts which surged that night while sitting on the bridge, looking off at the distant lights along the dock at Port Tampa, with the shore dotted here and there by lights from the camps of those who were left behind. Nearly all of the married men, and those who were fortunate enough to have



"A Quiet Game," June 17th.

sweethearts or families, scrambled over each other in their wild desire to write for hours. Next morning when we awoke, we were steaming back to our old stamping ground off Egmont Keys. Here the line was formed, and upon the arrival of



"Come Five! Come Seven!" June 18th.

the flagship *Segurança* things began to take definite shape, until the middle of the afternoon, when anchors were hoisted and the journey begun. If, during the night before, or during the writing of final farewell letters that morning, anybody on board our ship had felt regret at leaving home behind, there was no evidence of it after we were under way. The spirit of adventure and desire for achievement was so strong that all thoughts of anything except what the immediate future might contain, seemed to vanish. It was a most interesting and inspiring sight to see the ships which preceded or followed us, at a distance of one-eighth of a mile apart, turn the buoy five miles off Egmont Keys and "follow their leader."



General John C. Bates—a Soldier, a Man, and a Gentleman.

A few days on shipboard gave me an insight into the lives and customs of regular army men which was an intensely interesting study. At no time was there evidence, from General Bates to the youngest lieutenant, of anyone manifesting a desire to impress anybody with the importance of his position. Our meals were taken in four sections of eight men each. This lasted for two days. It has been my ill-fortune at times to be grateful for almost anything in the shape of food, but that which was presented after the second day to those who were enjoying the "officers' mess" was slightly different from anything which I had yet encountered and made almost anything in the past seem to have been slandered. As the steward was a very well-meaning man, and I had no right to object anyhow, I shall refrain from further criticism, although I cannot leave the subject without dwelling briefly upon the merits and appearance of the steward's "devil." His nationality I did not attempt to discover. His age was probably eighteen, the brown shirt which he wore throughout the journey was aged perhaps fourteen, and the towel with which he covered everything, from soup to pudding—twelve times a day—was possibly not over eleven years. But he had a pleasing, "childlike and bland" smile for everyone, and

seemed to revel in the recesses of a pantry, one look into which was sufficient to cause hours of regret to those of us who were unused to that side of life. After the second day, about one-third of the officers "kicked the traces" and began to have their meals served on deck. During all of the third day I watched them, but resolutely returned to the attack upon what was to be found in the dining-saloon. On the morning of the fourth day, two or three of the boys allowed me to partake of their really tempting-looking food. I never tasted anything in my life so good as that canned beef was, that morning; the beans were delicious, the tomatoes simply ideal, and the coffee marvellously stimulating. At noontime, being possessed of a wholesome appetite, these things again seemed most tempting and inviting. I was about twenty minutes late for the evening meal, and next morning a stray lemon was enough to satisfy the cravings of hunger; nor did the dinner bell from below or the shouts of my new table companions arouse any further yearnings at noontime. But that evening, Adjutant John A. Logan, in dress regalia, approached me and said: "Wouldn't you like to have a few of the things in my delicatessen box?" I looked steadily and questioningly at him, then resentfully replied: "I don't see just why you should recall by-gone days or refer to anything suggesting delicatessen."

He said: "Well, I've got a box down there with about a hundred different cans and bottles in it." I didn't wait to walk down, but made believe to faint and fell off the bridge on to the deck, in a mad rush to get at that box. Two days of feasting followed, and then the non-desire came once more.

During the journey, a study of the men on board and their lives, proved to be of unusual interest. Many tales were told of the prices charged by the cook for delica-



Major William S. McCaskey, of the 20th.



Captain "Joe" Huston.



Lieutenant M. F. Smith,  
20th Infantry.

cies such as pie, pudding, fresh bread (all remnants from the officers' mess), or ice water. Two cases of beer sold originally for fifty cents per bottle and, toward the end of the journey, for a dollar each. The entire contents of the cases were purchased with avidity by men whose salaries were thirteen dollars a month; but these purchases were made cheerfully by those who had become wealthy. A "crap" game down in the hold, far from the eyes of the officers, was quite as exciting as one could wish to see. Very often as much as thirty or forty dollars would depend on whether it would "come five" or "come seven"; but nobody complained. The losers were jeered and ridiculed by their single display of ill-entire body of men. panorama of sameness the first three days, ing, off in the distance rising out of the water land which was to be these views would have to land, had not nearly up all hope of doing so period had elapsed. In three transports were frequently became un-

companions, but not a temper did I see in that It was a continuous which confronted us for until, on Friday even- we saw the mountains —our first view of "the freed." Ordinarily, awakened a keen desire everybody begun to give until some indefinite our extreme rear two or towing lighters. These ruly and manifested a



Lieutenant Kockersperger,  
2d Cavalry.



Captain J. F. Morrison,  
20th Infantry.



Lieutenant F. R. Day,  
20th Infantry.

desire to remain behind. On these occasions the entire fleet would be halted, sometimes for two, sometimes as long as seven hours. Nobody would have minded this, because of the extremely pleasant companionship, had it not been that they sympathized with the suffering animals. The condition of those on board the *Matteawan*, even though it was better than that to be found on any of the other transports, was enough to arouse the just indignation, which it did, in the breasts of the men. On Saturday morning, I started to make a tour of investigation, but five minutes' intimacy with that awful atmosphere was enough to gratify one's ambition for knowledge. Hundreds of the men slept on the same deck, and in the same atmosphere, with the three hundred horses and mules. Everybody on board had hoped to be landed by Sunday morning at the latest, but that time found us still on the northern side of the island, and just before sunset Cape Maysi, with her light, loomed up in the distance. The knowledge that we were at last on the homestretch, caused a sigh of intense relief and gratification to come from every heart. And yet, but for the animals and the desire to get at the work which they came to accomplish, all



Captain A. A. Greene,  
20th Infantry.



Lieutenant G. H. Estes, Jr.,  
20th Infantry.



Lieutenant L. T. Richardson.  
20th Infantry.



Lieutenant C. C. Smith.  
20th Infantry



Lieutenant C. W.  
Exton, 20th Infantry.

would have been only too glad to have had the journey many times as long as it was, since it enabled many of the officers and men who had known each other but slightly, or who had been friends in years gone by, to become better acquainted, or to renew ties which had been happy ones in days of yore.

Captain "Joe" Huston and "Nigger Bill" Wright were the two chief conspirators of the "bad boys." They were constantly endeavoring to lure unsuspecting officers or unsophisticated newspaper men into dark corners, where they taught them the mysteries of how they should say, "That's good!" but

somehow, one never rebelled or wished to seek other company if they were near. When they reached land, in some mysterious way, they seemed to manage to accomplish a great deal of admirable work. "Sammy" Smiley, who, with young Wright, formed the duet of aides to General Bates, was the dude of the ship, and his chiefest heartache must have been—after he lost thirty-five pounds from a possible one hundred and thirty-eight—that his clothes wouldn't fit him for weeks. "Micawber" Wilkins, quartermaster, was one who had charge of the pro—when I hear some of happened to others. rescued me from the about to be dashed Tampa, was the source of joy to every—was a bit of a dude, expletives would have



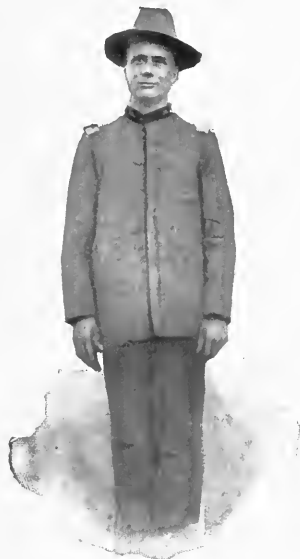
Lieutenant R. W. Mearns, 20th Infantry.



Lieutenant "Sammy" Smiley.



Captain H. B. Moon  
20th Infantry.



Lieutenant "Bill" Wright.



Dr. Aby.

lasted, had the journey continued indefinitely ; but when he was on horseback and attending to his duties, he was a changed man. On the afternoon of the first day's fighting I saw him with Captain Brett, his senior officer, ride up to El Poso with a military dignity and bearing which would have done credit to the greatest exponent of that phase of the soldier's art. Captain Rodman, the senior captain, was the first officer of the " 20th " to be wounded at El Caney, and a rare fine man and soldier he was. It would be a great pleasure to be able to pay a personal tribute to each of the officers of that entire list of thirty-two, if space but permitted.

While seated on the bridge on the morning of Sunday, June 19th, I saw Lieutenant Lewis reading from a paper, his right hand lifted above his head, while before him was a sturdy-looking old soldier who also stood with hand uplifted. Upon inquiry, I learned the cause of the scene, and asked them



Capt. Alfred Reynolds,  
20th Infantry.



Quartermaster "Micawber"  
Wilkins.



Lieutenant E. M. Leary,  
2d Cavalry.



Lieutenant U. G. Worillow,  
20th Infantry.



Captain L. M. Brett,  
2d Cavalry.



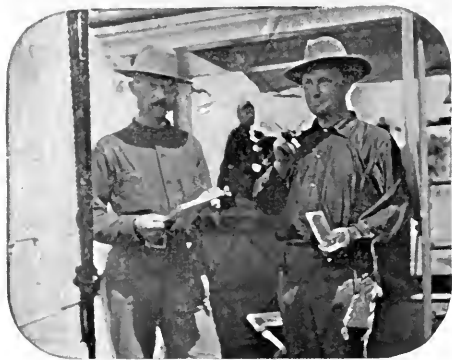
Adjutant John A. Logan.

to hold their positions while I "snapped" them. Thomas Dixon had been in the regular army for twenty-one years, his time for retiring, or reënlisting, arrived that day, and he was taking his oath of allegiance to the Army of the United States for another term of three years. I recall having seen him several times at Daiquiri and Siboney, but I shall never see him again: he survived the fight before El Caney on July 1st and before San Juan on July 2d, but in that scrimmage of the 10th, he was mortally wounded by a piece of flying shrapnel.

On Sunday night, we watched the rugged mountains which rose abruptly from the sea, until darkness rendered them invisible, then retired early in order to be up at a timely hour next morning. Everybody expected that we would surely be landed before another sunset. For over four hours after sunrise, we steamed along the shore until we halted seven or eight miles off Morro Castle. Looking forward, the flagship was seen to steam past the other transports, as she was met by numerous small craft, on her way to shore. We knew nothing of what had transpired during the past week, but at that moment, certainly looked very much as though the commanding general was going to a peace ratification, rather than on an "errand of trouble." All day long, under the burning, sweltering sun, the army of transports lay at rest, not a word of information being vouchsafed to any as to why they were there, or what was liable to become of them. I never saw grown men



Captain Rodman.



Captain Rogers, Captain Irons,  
20th Infantry.



Two Necessities on Board: Bodyguards of General  
Bates and Adjutant Logan.

treated so like bad boys who were kept in after school for misbehaving, but I fancy what was happening was nobody's business, and suppose it made no difference how many of the suffering animals died or were incapacitated. Our existence received no recognition until after sunset, when one of the small war craft came to the various transports, with the order to steam out into the ocean a distance of ten miles, so that we might safely drift during the night without running the risk of getting too near the shore—anchoring being an impossibility on account of the extreme depth of the water. That night, after halting, scarcely anyone retired until a late hour, the only signs of animation being the lights shining from the rigging or port-holes of the different transports, or the splash, into the bay, of an animal that had given up the unequal fight. The humidity was most oppressive, even out there, many miles from shore, and though we were in a position to receive the



The Steward's "Devil."

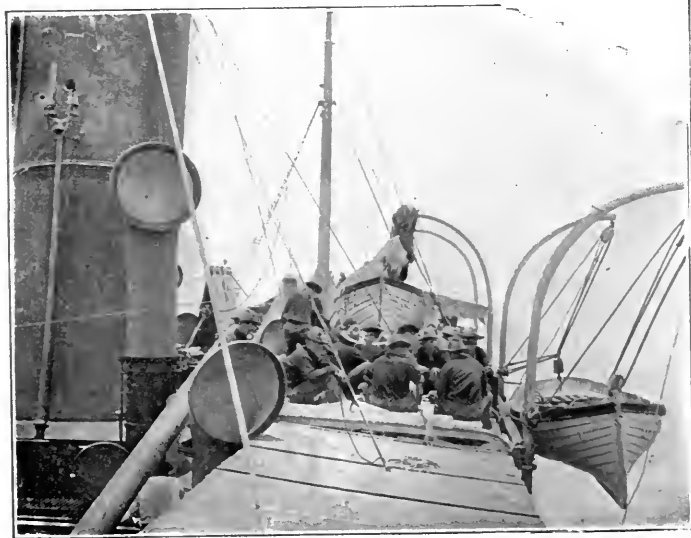
benefit of any stray breezes which might have come our way. The next morning was a repetition of the day before. It was not until nearly three o'clock that the *Bancroft* came alongside and "megaphoned" us that: "General Bates is wanted to come to the conference with General Shafter." Immediately, our commanding officer prepared himself for the journey, and within a quarter of an hour had climbed down the rope, entered the row-boat which was tossing in what was at that moment quite a rough sea, and, boarding the *Bancroft*, steamed away. Another long wait of hours

ensued. Ten o'clock, eleven o'clock, eight bells! As a strong breeze had sprung up and the sea was very rough, we hardly expected to receive any information before morning; but shortly after two o'clock, a light in the distance was seen approaching and we were informed through the aid of that voice-enlargener that the general was returning. When he came aboard, he was immediately surrounded in the cabin by his officers—hardly any of whom had retired—waiting to learn what was to be the next move. The orders for the next day were then read. We were to be at the extreme front of our division, and it was generally understood the first to land. There had been grave doubts as to this in the minds of several, but they knew in their hearts that the "20th" was the best equipped regiment there, and every man went to bed proud and happy in the belief that he was to be given a chance to prove his metal the next day. Among the orders received that



Lieutenant Lewis Reënlistering Thomas Dixon, who had been a Soldier for 21 Years.  
Dixon was killed by shrapnel, July 10th.

night, was one which was of peculiar personal interest. If I remember correctly, it read: "Nobody not directly connected with the army shall be permitted to land, until the entire army is landed, and then not without special permission." When this sentence was read, a look of sympathy was given me by every man in the cabin. Somehow, I had managed to impress them with the belief



The Last Fresh Beef Meal on Board.



"Off Santiago," Monday morning, June 20th.

in my desire to actually be with them. This order was the fundamental cause of a great deal of the unkind criticism which was made upon General Shafter's actions from that day. It was, without doubt, meant to affect newspaper men, and to embarrass them in no small degree. However, nothing could be done until morning; so everyone turned in, to be ready to answer the first bugle call

when we arrived off Daiquiri. It seemed that I had hardly closed my eyes when the call was sounded, and looking down the long row of men who were lying in the wooden bunks beside me—to the number of over a hundred—the silent figures were seen to sit up one by one. Hardly a word was spoken ; and then, only in whispers. It was really one of the most impressive moments I remember having ever felt. It was quite dark and the moving forms seemed but mere shadows. Within fifteen minutes all were dressed and on deck, fully an hour before sunrise. As soon as the first gleam of daylight appeared, the outlines



The "Bancroft," coming to take General Bates to General Shafter's Conference, June 21st.



General Bates going aboard the "Bancroft" to Confer with General Shafter, off Santiago, June 21st.

of the mountains were seen and we knew that we were approaching the place which had been pointed out to us on Monday morning as our probable landing. There we remained for two or three hours, watching the line of warships advance to within, what appeared to be, half a mile

from the shore. Suddenly, a huge volume of smoke arose from behind the trestle, followed by flames which covered an area of a possible fifty yards. Immediately the bombardment began. Everyone knew the Spaniards there were burning the town. The first shot from our ships was heard, followed by scores of others. While the bombardment lasted, it was quite as inspired a scene as one could wish to witness.

Within an hour the torpedo-boat terror *Ericson* ploughed toward us and shouted orders to "move in to within a mile of the shore." We were then possibly two miles away. This order did not seem to affect the captain of our ship. It was only after an extensive airing of the opinions of many, that he obeyed.

During the bombardment, while the ships were giving forth the martial noise which for years their crews had been anxiously longing to hear, the different bands gave vent to their enthusiasm, by playing the



Band on "Matteawan" Playing National Airs during Bombardment of Daiquiri, Morning of June 22d.

"Star-spangled Banner," "Yankee Doodle," and "There'll be a hot time in the old town (old Cuba) to-night." Soon we saw the *Yucatan* steaming past us. She went within a short distance of the shore and dropped anchor. Our captain resolutely refused to take even the ghost of a chance of running upon any suspicious rocks which might be anywhere in the sea. Persuasion was altogether out of the question. By some strange chain of events, however, we found ourselves at our coveted distance within a mile of the shore, by twelve o'clock. In the meantime, many of the other transports had begun to unload their burdens. It did not take those on board the *Matteawan* many hours to appreciate the fact that "'twas but a dream." Not only were we not to be the first on land, but, if the ship's captain was to have his way, we



Village of Daiquiri Burning, Morning of June 22d.

would never get there. Things began to look rather desperate about one o'clock, when a launch finally came alongside to tow our lifeboats ashore. General Bates and his leading officers were the first to leave. At nearly four o'clock a second opportunity was offered. The agitating question of personal interest was: "How am I to get there?" Soon a trusty "striker" was skirmishing about the ship. Nearly every blanket roll was packed, but somehow he managed to dig out a coat (which was far from a fit) and a pair of overalls. My own leggings, his hat, and a gratefully loaned blanket roll, completed the outfit. When they were all on, the fact became painfully apparent that I was a sight. It was my intention to

“fall in” with one of the first companies going on the next load. When the time finally arrived, I crawled around the corner and waited for my turn. But it was not to be. As each man passed his captain, before starting down the ladder, he was seen by at least fifty others who were waiting their turn. No matter how kindly they felt, my exit would have been a physical impossibility. A few moments later found me beside my bunk with a suit of clothes, camera, and films wrapped in the rubber coat. These were given to the aforementioned faithful “striker,” who promised to have them ashore at

the earliest possible moment. Then I fell out of the window on the quiet side of the boat. The shore was only three-quarters of a mile distant, but it contained more condensed tide than would be found in an average summer of sea swimming. After going a quarter of a mile I floated for a rest. Upon turning over, I realized that a good fifty yards separated where I had been and now was. By swimming up alongside the *Cherokee*, I grasped the stern of the boat next to the last of a line which was being towed ashore. That launch seemed to be going at the rate of many miles a minute. Occasionally the water was touched, just to be “in with it,” but most of the time I was sailing majestically through space.



Torpedo Boat "Ericson" coming out to Tell "Matteawan" to "Move in," during Bombardment.

After going a possible third of a mile, the hooks which nature had provided, began to lose their retentive power. A request to a young man in the stern to "Grab my wrist; I'm going," resulted in a mild effort, which, however, nearly yanked him into my society. Just as the next boat came I managed to give a kick which sent me sailing toward the



Bombardment of Daiquiri, Morning of June 22d.

bottom. Upon returning from below, the men in the rear boat were seen to be preparing to cast off. I yelled to them to go ahead, and motioned to that effect. But they came back. I don't know just who the officer in the boat was, but he was ripping mad.

"What are you doing out here?" he shouted, after I had been hauled into the boat.

"Had a lot of time and just wanted to swim," I meekly replied.

"Where did you come from?"

"The *Matteawan*."

"Who's in command?"

"Why, General Bates or Major McCaskey."

"What's your regiment?"

"The 20th."

"What company?"

“ F Company. Captain Foster.”

I never saw such a man or heard such a lot of foolish questions. He was looking for trouble. I could see that. So after the last question I murmured, “ Thank you. Good-bye,” and went over the side. Thank heaven, they had their own troubles and went on. During that last two hundred yards the undertow was the strongest I ever encountered, which undoubtedly was the cause of the drowning of so many animals. Within half an hour I saw a figure walking along the dock, in front of which was a huge bundle. The precious burden was soon within reach.

Thus it was possible to take the pictures of the landing at Daiquiri on that day. A number of other pictures of these events had been taken by some who were there on board their own boats. After the sinking of the sun rendered further photographing impossible, I started inland in search of General Bates and his command. A number of camp-fires were glowing along the roadside in front of the long lines of tents which had been pitched by the men of the “ 20th ” and the “ 3d. ” As I approached them, almost the first man I met was Major McCaskey. Aboard ship he had always been the essence of courtesy



Troops Going Ashore after Bombardment, June 22d.

and kindness, but I knew that he was a strict disciplinarian, and it was with a degree of trepidation that I ventured within a few yards of his camp-fire. Looking up, however, he recognized the figure, even though the extensive hat attempted to conceal the face, and with a stern look he asked : " How did you get ashore? "

I removed the hat, bowed low, and answered : " Please, sir, I fell off the side of the boat. They tried to rescue me, but there were no loose ropes, so I had to swim in. "

After this edifying explanation, I was invited to partake of the evening meal which was being prepared for him and

two of his officers. I remember this most distinctly, because of the fact that it was really the only one I enjoyed during my visit to Cuba. Supper over, I went to the other end of the camp to pay my respects to General Bates. He also at first assumed a very deeply wounded manner, but after my lucid explanation and deep regret that anything could possibly have happened which looked intentional on my part to break a rule, I was forgiven. " Bill " Wright and I then went skirmishing into the town of Daiquiri to see what was to be discovered. In front of one of the buildings we found a group of some



Where I Dropped Off to Swim in to Point beyond Stern of Boat to Extreme Left.



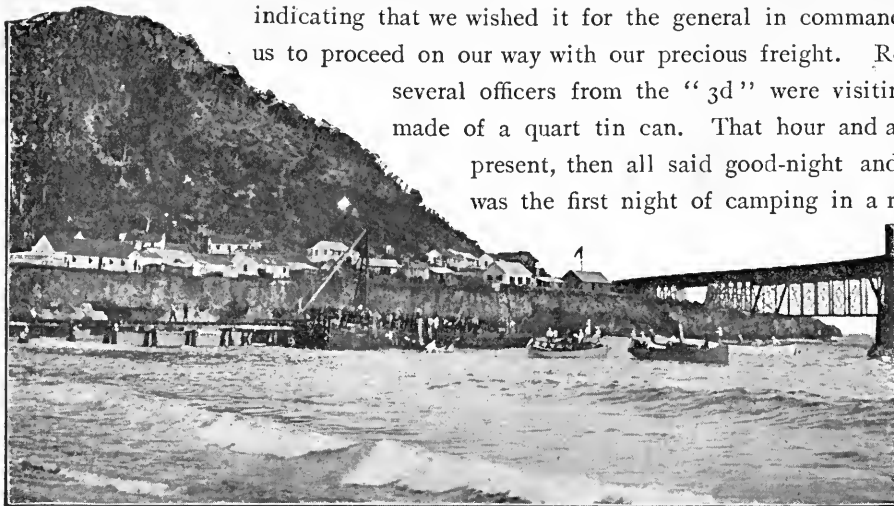
The Life Savers, my "Striker" in Centre.

not overly anxious to destroy everything in sight, thinking only of their personal safety. Among other things which "Bill" and I discovered, was a demi-john containing about four gallons of wine—a sort of cross between Catawba and Port. The Cuban in command of the forces guarding the contents of the building was loath to permit us to depart with it, but when we made extremely large silhouetting movements with our arms,

two hundred hungry-eyed Cubans. Pushing our way through them, we entered the building and found that several casks of wine, as well as a number of other articles of vertu, had been left there by the former occupants, they being the proprietors of the Iron Company stores. The Spaniards had taken possession of these buildings, for how many days previously I do not know, but when the bombardment began, they apparently were



"Two Gentlemen of Cuba": The First Met.



Daiquiri, while the Two Men of the Ninth Cavalry were Drowning.

indicating that we wished it for the general in command, he immediately bowed and motioned us to proceed on our way with our precious freight. Returning to the camp, we discovered that several officers from the "3d" were visiting our headquarters. A loving-cup was made of a quart tin can. That hour and a half was very much enjoyed by everyone present, then all said good-night and retired to their various quarters. It was the first night of camping in a real war for many of us. The demijohn,

which by that time was not nearly so heavy as it had been shortly before, was carried over to the other end of the camp, as it looked very much as though it would be the only pillow which could be utilized. I came across Captain Morrison, who was spreading a poncho on the ground. Upon learning of my homeless condition, he at once tendered the use of

one-half of his worldly goods, so we were soon lying full length upon Cuban soil, with nothing but the poncho between it and us, a thin blanket over us, but farther away the most beautiful starry sky I have ever seen. After lying there for a few minutes the last taps were heard from the bugle a hundred yards away. Every note seemed to tell most expressively the fact that we were at last within close contact with the danger which was fraught with the deepest importance to so many of us. We had closed our eyes, for how long I do not know, when I was awakened by a gentle touch on the cheek which was exposed to the stars—if one could call a sledge-hammer blow gentle. A little acrobatic movement, like flying directly upward for a dozen feet or so, resulted in the dislodging of something which had endeavored to cultivate

my acquaintance. It was my first introduction to a Cuban land-crab. Possibly three or four pounds at the other end of the scale would balance this particular bird. Afterward I saw a great many of them, but none were so impressive as this first one. However, a little detail like that was soon forgotten, and not until just before sunrise did we again resume our search for events in the newly invaded land.

While walking along the railroad track toward the Cuban headquarters, I overtook Lieutenant Noble of General Shafter's staff. I had met him at Port Tampa, and from my brief interviews considered him a courteous man. On this occasion I remarked : " That was a pretty hard order we received yesterday."

" What was that ? " he asked.

" The one keeping newspaper men aboard the ships."



First Horse coming Ashore at Daiquiri.



Transports off Daiquiri blowing Whistles during Raising of Flag on Top of ~~hill~~



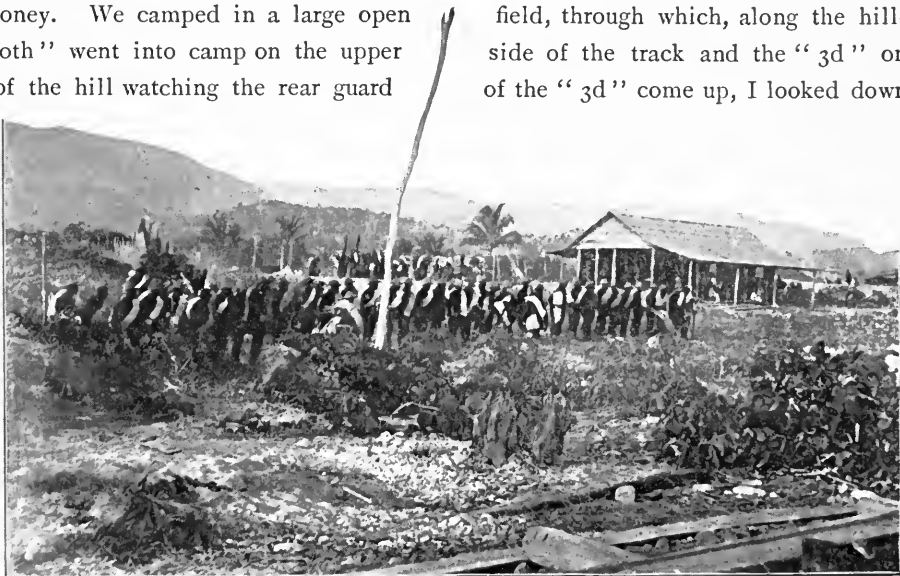
First Mule Ashore at Daiquiri, June 22d.

breakfasting with Captain Greene, Captain Morrison, and Lieutenant Exton was taken that morning, and came near being the last one taken of poor Marshall. During the morning, Marshall, Crane, and I arranged to go to the front together, at half after three in the afternoon. They came over at that hour, but an order had just been given for General Bates to move to the front; thus I missed the excitement of the next morning. Within seventeen minutes from the time the bugle was sounded, every tent was rolled up and on the backs of the different men. We started at a few minutes to four. Shortly before General Bates, who headed the procession, began his journey, Adjutant John A. Logan proceeded on the roadway ahead of him. There was nothing grander to be seen in all Cuba during the campaign than his appearance at that moment. He had been given papers by General Shafter, which were to be taken to General Castillo, who

Lieutenant Noble halted, turned, and remarked : " I happen to be aboard the flagship, and I happen to know that it is considered much more necessary to the success of this enterprise that the army should get ashore, rather than a lot of newspaper men down here on a picnic."

There can be no question as to the force of his argument. However, there are many necessary evils in this world. Among others are newspaper men. From the moment of the issuing of that order, pencils began to be sharpened for General Shafter—and they have not yet lost their point. A number of photographs were taken around Daiquiri, including the *Journal* and Cuban headquarters, as well as the camps of the " 20th," " 3d," and " Rough Riders," together with many scenes in other parts of the limited town. The one of Marshall, Crane, and Bengough

was in command of the Cuban forces. These were to be delivered immediately. The next I saw, or rather, heard of Major Logan, was when he returned to our camp that night about eleven o'clock, soaked to the skin, having been riding for the past three hours in a rain which was a revelation to me. But although his outward finery was wilted his inner grandeur glowed; for, without a murmur of complaint or regret, he proceeded to make a bed for himself in the darkness, out of what had once been his blanket roll. The start of the "20th," "3d," and "Rough Riders" from Daiquiri was made a few minutes after four o'clock. A march of seven miles, during which three brief halts were made, brought us to within two miles of Siboney. We camped in a large open field, through which, along the hillside of the track and the "3d" on the lower. While sitting on the side of the hill watching the rear guard into the valley below, and in the dim light saw a string of men marching at a rapid pace. I asked General Bates who they were. He did not know. I asked Lieutenant Wright whether he knew. He did not, but upon inquiry learned that they were the "Rough Riders." I asked General Bates where they were going. He replied: "I don't know. They have not any orders to go beyond us." That was his belief, judging from the latest information he had received when on board the flagship,



Ninth Cavalry Going into Camp at Daiquiri, Evening of June 22d.



Daybreak, Daiquiri, June 23d : General Bates Breakfasting.

Bates, and their staffs exchanged courtesies. Nothing was intimated to lead us to believe that there was a battle imminent. We resumed our march on the way to Siboney, passing the "2d Massachusetts" and others just before reaching there. This town was about as barren and God-forsaken looking a place as eye ever rested upon. The

two days before. We had no misgiving of missing anything and retired for a well-earned night's rest. Quite the most wholesome rain I had encountered up to that time, came to us about eight o'clock and lingered for over three hours. Having no tent nor any covering other than my rubber coat, it was rather a one-sided game so far as I was concerned, but altogether unique and enjoyable. In the morning, before sunrise, we were up and on our way into Siboney. After marching for a mile through the coconut groves, which were quite as majestic and grand in their way as any forests to be encountered, we came to General Lawton's camp. Here we halted for a few brief moments, while General Lawton, General

“20th” marched on through to the extreme limit in search of a camping ground, while the “3d” was halted in the first half of the town. While General Bates was looking after the comfort of the men under his command, I went skirmishing for headquarters. The beautiful vine-clad villa in which we dwelt for the next few days, was selected as an ideal spot. Here we enjoyed cooling shades and slept on the front veranda. An over-abundance of food was not observable for three or four days, and such a thing as peaches was altogether too great a luxury to be thought of.



Camp of "20th," Daiquiri, Morning of June 23d.



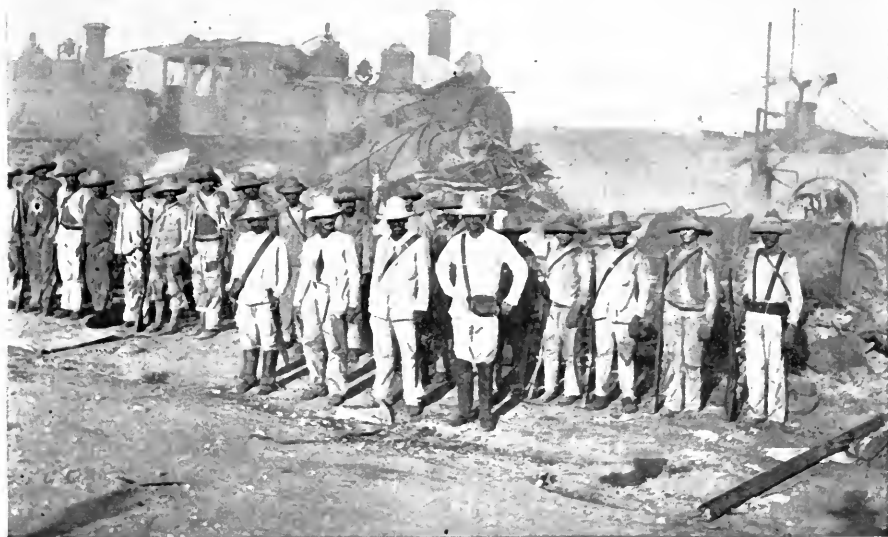
Bengough.      Marshall.      Crane.      Greene.      Exton.      Morrison.

Breakfasting with Captain Greene, Daiquiri, June 23d.

Scarcely had the tents been pitched, when the boom of a cannon was heard, followed in rapid succession by others. Looking out into the bay, we saw that the shots came from the *St. Paul*. Inquiry developed the information that “the Rough Riders are in a fight”—not very welcome news for one who really wished to be where the trouble was. Just before leaving the eastern end of the village, on my way to see what was happening, I met Captain Brice and Sergeant Borrowe

with his dynamite gun. I never saw a man so badly broken up as was the latter at that moment. All of the day before—the day after landing—he had been skirmishing for animals to haul his precious freight. It was not until late in the evening that he succeeded in getting four mules from various sources, and then only by paying exorbitantly from his individual purse. He had expected to get through without delay, but had been halted in the middle of the night by the commander of a Massachusetts regiment, who refused to allow him to proceed. The reason given was that the gun might block the way. Expostulations were in vain, so the gun had been compelled to remain there until daybreak. Borrowe had just reached Siboney when I met him. Immediately

the journey to the front was begun. We all went up the long way—not knowing of any other—and came to the battlefield of the “1st” and “10th.” On the way we met several groups of Cubans. I don’t know just what they are called—



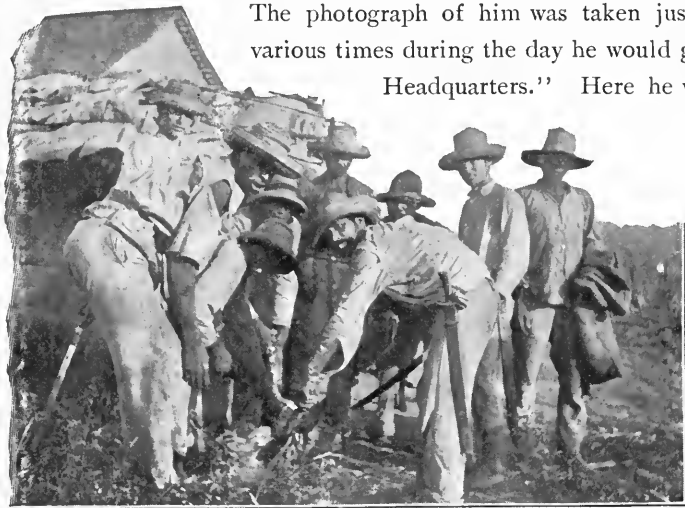
Cuban Soldiers (?) beside Ruins of Roundhouse, Morning of June 23d.

“insurgents,” “patriots,” “soldiers,” or what. All names are alike to me. Several correspondents, who are friendly to Cubans, have accentuated the fact that the men we saw there were not the real soldiers, but a sort of cave-dwellers or something quite forsaken. It seems strange that not one was ever seen to be guilty of an act which was not selfish—and often criminal. However, they made a terrible bluff. Every day, during the week preceding the battle of July 1st, the main thoroughfare was the scene of many brave Cubans going to the front. After much hullabaloo they would march up and down, then vanish from one end of the village or the other—on their way to battle. What they battled for was with each other—for food. They invariably went a short distance out of town, then turned “into camp” behind a heavy hedge by the roadside. The greatest of these was Bigaro Chavaville, who commanded 200 men.

The photograph of him was taken just before departing from Daiquiri. He was a worker. At various times during the day he would go dashing through the crowds at Siboney, up to the “Cuban Headquarters.” Here he would obtain grave information and then dash off into the

mountains. But he would only dash a few hundred yards, when he would go into camp and await the time for a reappearance. If he ever received any information other than the fact that General Castillo and his brother, Doctor Castillo—who seemed to be running things to suit themselves—were eating and drinking, I’ve never heard what it was. Judging from the little I saw of Cuban officers, I would like to know the address of a single one who would bind himself not to accept a political office for a term of five years. From the highest officer to the lowliest “soldier,” they were there for personal gain.

On the way to the front that morning I met several



Lucky Foragers, Daiquiri, June 23d.

Cuban groups. The first encountered had been nowhere near the battlefield. They had been "in camp." After a good mile's tramp, I met the first of several bands of thieves. Possibly thirty were in this party. Every single one of them had from one to three or four pieces of clothing, blankets, or tents which they had picked up on the roadside, where they had been thrown by the men of the "1st" and "10th" while on their forced march. They were all chattering and grinning. Shortly afterward I met an officer, who said: "'Ham' Fish has been killed." It was several minutes before I felt like standing to resume the march. Staggerers like that do not come often. The narrow roadway soon became almost impassable, because of the number of troops on their way up. In an hour I reached the opening, the spot where Knox, Bell, and the others received their *unexpected* baptism of fire. It was my first introduction to even this suggestion of a battle. While standing at the edge of the opening, two groups of men came toward me. They halted by the roadside, and reverently laid two companions by the side of six others. This group of "the first dead I saw" had been lying there but a few moments. One of the greatest shocks my sensibilities ever received was while standing there. Some of the men of the regiment then passing, fell out of line and came to look at the row of dead. Suddenly one of the number cried out:

"Oh! Say! fellows, come here! Here's ——!"

I forgot the name mentioned. Several of the speaker's companions joined him, and looked at the third body in the row. The



The "Two-headed" Man.



"Journal" Headquarters, Daiquiri.

first speaker moved around to the head of the body, and while doing so cried : " He said they couldn't ketch *him*, and they got him the first one ! " Several in the party guffawed. Then the man reached over and took a mouth organ from the



Cuban Headquarters at Daiquiri.

pocket of the shirt, remarking: "Here's his music box," and they laughed again. The scene didn't last much longer. I ventured a few remarks which the censor would scarcely permit to be printed here, and they went their way.



A Typical Cuban Insurgent, Daiquiri.

I suppose it was "war" and what was to be expected; but, personally, I didn't much care to hear it. Shortly after, I saw General Lawton and General Wheeler in conference with several other officers, almost within the shadow of the now famous old ruined wall with the sundial. A few moments later I was lying in the brush, while Smedberg gave me a detailed account of the Rough Riders' fight, which had occurred about a mile farther up the road. He verified the death of "Ham" Fish and also told me he had heard that "Marshall of the *Journal*" had been killed. Within a few minutes the onward march was resumed. Brice was very anxious to go on, to see if anything could be done for "Ham," whether dead



Cuban Soldiers, Daiquiri.



Captain "Joe" Huston's Tent, Afternoon of June 23d.

or alive, but he was forced to hurry back to the flagship with the official report of the fight. The seven-mile walk of the evening before, the thorough soaking for hours during the night, and the inability to eat a bite for the past two days rendered it rather hard sledding to climb that last mile. Arriving there, the fact that there had been a battle seemed to pervade the air. I went to where most of the men were in camp. Lieutenant Day, who was in command of K Troop—it having devolved upon him by the death of Captain Capron and the wounding of the first lieutenant—was the first officer I

met. He was rapidly getting things into shape. It was some time before I was able to locate the body I was in search of. I finally found it, where it had been placed along the roadside, next the body of Private Stevens. My first impulse was to steal a picture of the face while no one was looking; but I didn't, and am glad of it. However, I removed the blanket from his face for a few brief seconds. There was no sign of pain, only the faint suggestion of the old smile of victory, which I had so often seen. It seemed hard, very hard, to see the boy lying there in that far-off land, while the news of his death was speeding away to break the hearts of those to whom he was all the world. Of course, it was so in many cases, and hearts were bowed in grief for others, but this death seemed more cruel than theirs. Many times, in the enthusiasm of youth, feeling his strength and power, they had gotten the better of his judgment, but he was always the essence of gentleness to the weak. He joined the Rough Riders to win an enviable name. Poor old "Ham" Fish died as would have been expected, in the extreme front, looking for danger, courting a fight with the odds against him.

After taking the photograph of the two bodies, I heard someone laughing. Looking to the right about fifteen feet I saw a group, apparently discussing the events of the day.

I took a photograph of it, and then another to show the distance from the two bodies. The photographs were taken with a heart filled with resentful bitterness. It was all "war," and time has shown me that one should be able to drink to "the next one who dies," but I felt a resentment toward certain of those men, who were joking with that boy's body lying within a few feet of them—a resentment which I never expect to be able to overcome.

More than a dozen of the men I knew told me that, up to that time (when I inquired, between three



Bugle Call, Daiquiri, June 23d, 3 34 P.M.

and four o'clock), they had not seen the body of a single dead Spaniard; one man, especially, was most pronounced in his statement of this fact, but later, I have heard him tell in public speech, of having seen the bodies of fifteen dead Spaniards in a blockhouse. Just where this blockhouse could have been located, I did not see at the time. Since returning home, many who hadn't seen any Spaniards that day, recall having seen scores. A thorough investigation of the battlefield proved conclusively that, whether or not the Rough Riders had been ambushed, it was at least a very patent fact that such a thing could easily have happened, judging from the positions of both the Spaniards and the Rough Riders during the fight. Of course, my information is of necessity largely hearsay, and many a man is liable to make a statement on the spur of the moment, which he will regret having made after he looks at the diplomatic side and questions the advisability of the utterances. There was no question in the mind of anybody whom I saw that day, but that they had been ambushed.

While seated, or rather lying, in front of Captain Llewellyn's improvised tent, about four o'clock in the afternoon, a few of the bodies of those who had been killed were carried by. As matters developed later, one was of especial interest. This was the body of Marcus Russell. He was the "Hobson" of the day. His commanding officer had called for two volunteers to go down into the



Bigaro Chavarille, Commander.

valley, and see whether shots coming from a certain direction were being fired by their own men or by the enemy. He was returning, after having discovered that it was the enemy, when they opened fire upon him and literally riddled him with bullets. While we sat there, a search of his clothing revealed a Testament and a photograph of his mother,



Cuban Soldiers (?) passing "Rough Riders" Camp, Daiquiri, 4.02, June 23d.

which he had carried over his heart. His death was another particularly sad one. No one has spoken either that day or since of Captain Allyn Capron, Jr., except with the very deepest feeling of intense regret : he was the ideal soldier and officer of the entire body. Poor Marshall, who showed such splendid pluck and courage in his conduct after he was wounded, should possibly be the object of greater pity than any of those who were killed. He was there in the performance of his duty, and the ball which injured his spine has not only paralyzed him for life, but recently rendered necessary the amputation of one of his legs. No one was better liked in all the newspaper profession in Cuba than he, chiefly because of



Poor old "Ham"!

BODIES OF SERGEANT HAMILTON FISH AND PRIVATE STEVENS: FIRST PICTURE TAKEN AFTER DEATH.





General Bates meeting Major Corliss and Colonel Carpenter in the Mountains.

his unfailing courtesy and kindness. All the college men and "dudes" who took part in the battle that day, without a single exception, proved themselves to be equal, if not superior, to the men who had been roughing it all their lives. About three hours after the battle I came across "Willie" Tiffany, Cowdin, Bull, Wadsworth, Worden, and many others, all cheerful as far as they were personally concerned, but very much depressed by the death of their companions.

By five o'clock—largely through the kindly assistance of Lieutenant Greenway—I had received the first complete list of the killed and wounded, and though almost physically

incapacitated, I started to return to Siboney, which important event might not have transpired, had not "Reggie" Ronalds given me two capsules of condensed consommé.

On the way back to Siboney I passed sixty or seventy of these Cuban "soldiers," most of whom were quite loaded down with spoils from the battlefields, or from that which had been left by the roadside. It was truly a sight to rouse the blood of any self-respecting American.

The following day, in endeavoring to write an account to a Republican newspaper of what had been seen, one line read: "Those men on that hill to-night are lying there, sacrificed on the altar of a showman's greed." I have



Sunrise, June 24th—Bed of Night of June 23d.

never had occasion to change my opinion that this was a fact. Much has been written by officers in command of those interested in that day's battle, in the endeavor to prove that it was a well-thought-out plan of attack. Some day the truth will be known. There was absolutely nothing to be gained by this first battle of Las Guasimas. Even the name "Las

Gursimas" had to be sought for, in order that the battlefield should be called something. Without for one instant wishing to disparage the reckless bravery of a single man, from the highest in command to the lowliest soldier, it must be stated in truth, that they were where they had no right to be. It was against orders from General Shafter for anybody to pass General Lawton. General Wheeler, being in command of the cavalry on land, assumed the responsibility. One object at least was accomplished: the names of several men were in the newspapers before the names of several others, and a number of newspaper men, who were sure to write things in the proper spirit, were given the neces-



Major McCaskey leading the "20th" and "3d" from Camp toward Siboney, Sunrise, June 24th.

sary "tip." Although apparently speaking with resentfulness, I at least am speaking the truth. The Spaniards who were opposed to our troops that morning, were men who were on the run to get back to Santiago as quickly as they could—that was their one desire. They were being overtaken, forced to protect themselves, and went into ambush. When the final charge, of which we hear so much, was made, there was nobody to make it against, because the Spaniards were all on the retreat, the great majority having been gone for some time. Undoubtedly the Spaniards were very greatly impressed with our valor, but why should those men have been sacrificed in an unequal fight, when, by taking a little time and care, few fatalities would have resulted? It is an open secret that court-martialing was seriously contemplated for those who were chiefly responsible for the fighting that day, and had they been less successful than they were, this undoubtedly would have resulted. But everyone had his own axe to grind, and consequently, no one was looking for any more trouble than was absolutely forced upon him.

On the night of June 24th



Near General Lawton's Camp, Morning of Ju

General Wheeler sent a cablegram to Washington, strongly recommending Colonel Wood and Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt to promotion, because of bravery shown in the battle that day. General Wheeler did not arrive at the Rough Riders' battlefield until more than two hours after the last shot was fired. I believe it is the custom for superior officers to receive their reports from those in command of the various regiments.



Beside General Lawton's Camp, Morning of June 24th.

In the February *Scribner* the following appeared as part of the leading article :

“ If he is a cavalry officer, he has got to hurry and push the purchase of his horses, plunging into and out of the meshes of red tape as best he can. When he wishes to embark his regiment, he will have to fight for his railway cars exactly as he fights for his transport when it comes to going across the sea.” . . .

“ At last, however, after over an hour's industrious and rapid search through this swarming ant-heap of humanity, Wood and I, who had separated, found Colonel Humphrey at

General Lawton.



Richard Harding Davis  
(lying down).

General Wheeler.

Colonel Wood.

Caspar Whitney.  
Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.

CONFERENCE AFTER "ROUGH RIDERS'" BATTLE.



nearly the same time and were allotted a transport—the *Yucatan*. She was out in midstream, so Wood seized a stray launch and boarded her. *At the same time I happened to find out that she had previously been allotted to two other regiments*—the Second Regular Infantry and the Seventy-first New York Volunteers, which latter regiment alone contained more than could be put aboard her. Accordingly, I ran at full speed to our train; and leaving a strong guard with the baggage, I double-quickened the rest of the regiment up to the boat, just in time to board her as she came into the quay, and then to hold her against the Second Regulars and the Seventy-first, who had arrived a little too late, being a shade less ready than we were in the matter of individual initiative. *There was a good deal of expostulation, but we had possession;* and as the ship could not contain half of the men who had been told to go aboard her, the Seventy-first went away, as did all but four companies of the Second. These latter we took aboard.” . . .



Suburbs of Siboney, Morning of June 24th.



"20th" arriving at Siboney, Morning of June 24th.

"The men on the ship were young and strong, eager to face what lay hidden before them, eager for adventure where risk was the price of gain." . . .

"We did the landing as we had done everything else—that is, in a scramble, each commander shifting for himself. The port at which we landed was called Daiquiri, a squalid little village where there had been a railway and iron-works. There were no facilities for landing, and the fleet did not have a quarter the number of boats it should have had for the purpose. All we could do was to stand in with the transports as close as possible, and then row ashore in our own few boats and the boats of the warships. Luck favored our regiment. My former naval aid, while I was Assistant Secre-

tary of the Navy, Lieutenant Sharp, was in command of the *Vixen*, a converted yacht ; and *everything being managed on the go-as-you-please principle*, he steamed by us and I boarded the *Vixen*, and there we got Lieutenant Sharp's black

Cuban pilot, who told us he could take our transport right in to within a few hundred yards of the land. Accordingly, we put him aboard; and in he brought her, gaining at least a mile and a half and an hour by the manœuvre. The other transports followed; *but we had our berth, and were all right.*"

When a man makes such statements and is permitted to defy those in higher command, what more is to be said?

The next few days were passed in Siboney in what proved to be a successful cultivation of the germs of yellow fever. It was understood by everyone that there would be no more fighting, without careful and ample preparation. Of six who remained there with General Bates, five went to the yellow fever hospital later. Many interesting incidents occurred during those days. At ten o'clock on Monday morning, an elderly, rugged-looking man in uniform came to headquarters. Everybody greeted him silently. I understood why, when introduced.



"20th" and "3d" arriving at Siboney, June 24th. The General Hospital was later located here. Hill in rear had been climbed by "Rough Riders" less than two hours before.

He was Captain Allyn Capron, Sr. Later he explained that he had just arrived, having been detained on board the *Comal* until early that morning. The first information he had received of his son's death was late in the evening of the fatal day.

He was not officially informed until Sunday—over fifty hours after the battle—even though the flagship was lying within a hundred yards of the *Comal*. Doctor Ives, of General Bates's staff, had been a friend of both father and son, for

many years. When they went to see the grave, I accompanied them. The body had been brought down the day before and buried, temporarily, in a desolate spot on the hillside back of the shanties. During the walk there, occasionally wiping away a tear, Captain Capron said :

"Tell me about the boy's death. I've heard nothing definite. How many times was he shot ?"

"Twice," replied Dr. Ives.

"He kept on, didn't he ? He didn't quit after the first one, did he ?"

"No ! It was the second one !"

"That's good ! That's good ! I knew he'd die right."

After an impressive pause and a



"St. Paul" in Bay, firing over Top of Hill, during "Rough Riders" Fight, June 24th.



Captain Brice.

Dr. Castillo.

Sergeant Borrowe and Dynamite Gun at Siboney, just before Starting to Battlefield of Fight then in Progress.

deep sigh, he continued: "Well! I suppose it will be my turn next. They always come in threes! His grandfather was killed in Mexico while in command of this same battery. (The Fifth.) I guess it's my turn next, but I hope to God that I get five good shots at the —— —— before they get me."



Cuban Thieves on their Way from Battlefield of "1st" and "10th," June 24th.

We were soon at the grave-side. While the father stood there with bare head and folded arms, I took three photographs, but none developed. I must have gotten everything wrong, for at the time I felt that it was almost too sacred a moment to reveal to others. On El Poso Hill the morning of July 1st, looking across at El Caney, the smoke from "Capron's Battery" was frequently visible, while the roar of the guns told only too well, that he was getting in many times "five shots." The next morning, after having been up near San Juan with his battery, I met him on the road about half a mile from El Poso. Several of the batteries were going back to get better positions. That was the last time I ever saw him. After going through all of the fight unscathed, fever laid him low, shortly after he returned home.

The first three days after the battle on the hill were devoted, generally, to a fruitless search for peaches. At headquarters there was nothing but the fattest portion of hog, coffee, hardtack and beans. Everybody else ate these delicacies with every evidence of the heartiest enjoyment. Even to look at them at these moments, caused intense weariness. For nearly three days I wandered about yelling "peaches!" until my name was changed to that. On the evening of the third day,

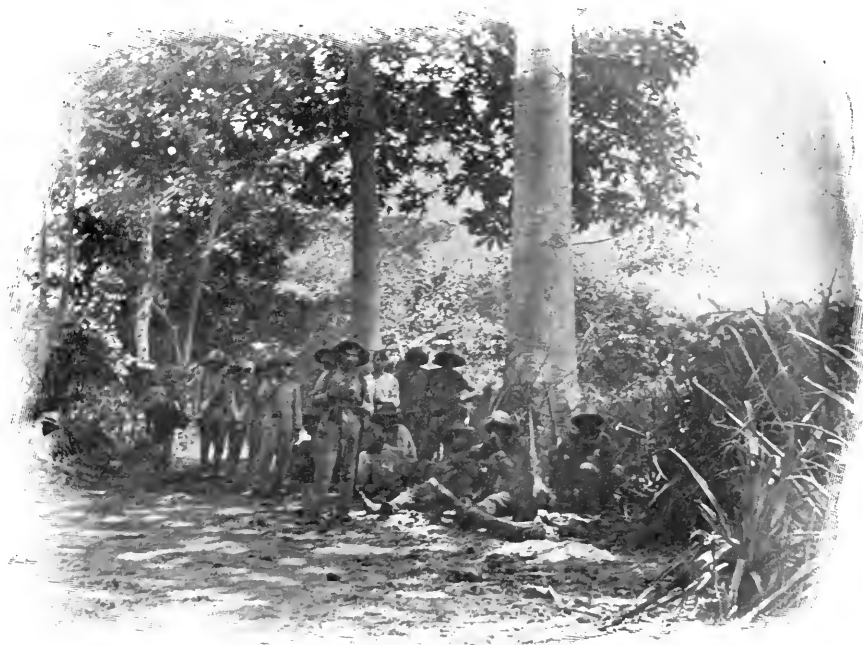


"THE FIRST DEAD;" "1ST" AND "10TH" BATTLEFIELD, JUNE 24TH.



while visiting the *World* headquarters, I saw Crane and Scovel in a corner, eating ravenously out of a can. They gave me some. There may have been dishes of Oriental splendor in the past. There may have been "feasts of the gods," and all that, but there never was anything conceived by the most cunning gourmet, that could touch that half-can of corn for absolute daintiness, palatableness, or nutritive qualities. Later, a few things were acquired by the quartermaster, and life was again beginning to be worth the living. The coming of Mr. Hearst on his boat was another cause for gratitude. It enabled many of us to see the first bit of ice since our landing and to have real food to eat for two days.

During all of this time, supplies were being landed at Siboney in a very primitive manner. The dock which was afterward built, was not there until more than a week had elapsed. Everything was loaded into lifeboats and these were rowed to within twenty or thirty yards of the shore, when the men jumped overboard and either hauled the boats in or else carried their burdens. The lighter, which had caused so much delay while



Cuban Warriors, Four Miles from Battlefield, Morning of June 24th.

on our journey, lay idly at sea for several days. Until the dock was erected—because of the extreme difficulty of landing—very little more, if any, food or ammunition was brought ashore. Many of the transports did not unload their supplies at all—returning them to the United States several weeks later. It was really, at times, quite difficult to obtain any information as to the whereabouts of many of the transports. For days at a time, they would steam out of sight, and judging from several later observations, little or no record was kept of their movements—even though the Government was paying from \$300 to \$600 per day for their use. The *Leona*, on which I returned, had been lying about for more

than four weeks. The drinking water in her tank had not been replenished during all that time. She also returned with most of the supplies which she had carried there.

The Post Office department was, however, one to be commended. Those in charge of the telegraph wires—whether it was that their superiors had not given them orders, or for some other reason—were criminally negligent. Four men could have easily, in one day, restored the wires which had run from Daiquiri to Siboney. This was not attended to until a week had elapsed. In the meantime, all communications be-



General Wheeler.

General Lawton.

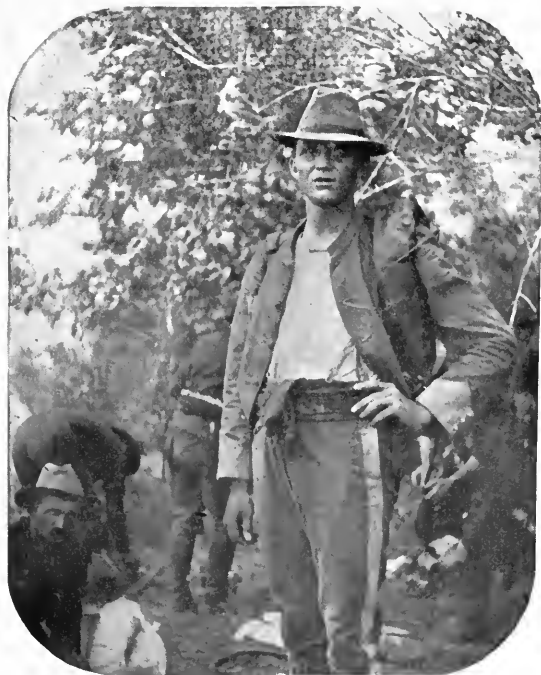
On Battlefield of "1st" and "10th," after the Battle.

tween General Shafter and those at the front had to be conveyed on horseback. The line between Siboney and General Wheeler's headquarters, between six and seven miles, was also neglected for several days. The conduct of the cable department was criminal beyond excuse.

It was impossible to receive a cablegram from the United States, and next to impossible to send one. The only way in which one could be sent from Siboney, was to send it "collect" (\$1.17 per word) and have it signed by an army officer, who thereby was held responsible. A member of my family in endeavoring to reach me by cable, acting upon the best advice given from the War Department in Washington, spent over two hundred dollars in a dozen different cablegrams, and, although directed in care of General Bates, not a single one reached me. There have been innumerable complaints from everybody on this score. The post office was, however, in charge of men who were hard workers, and in



On the Way from Battlefield of "1st" and "10th" to "Rough Riders' ". Scene of Conflict, over the Mountains.



Lieutenant Day, K Troop "Rough Riders": In Camp after Battle.

share his horse with him, they taking turns riding and walking. Accordingly, they returned to the improvised post office and prepared to continue the journey. It was then about half after nine o'clock and the rain was coming down in torrents. I went over to see them start. The poor little specimen of a Cuban pony that had conveyed the mail bags

every instance men of heart, who could appreciate the value of receiving letters in that really far-off land. My first introduction to Postmaster Brewer was at General Bates's headquarters on the evening of Thursday, June 28th. About nine o'clock that night it was raining pitchforks. General Bates and those who were living in the same house with him were seated on the veranda watching the storm, when a man was seen to approach. He said his name was Brewer, that he had come to establish a post office, and had arrived at Daiquiri that day with several hundred bags of mail, most of which had been left at Tampa or Port Tampa when the expedition departed. Having just completed the journey from Daiquiri to Siboney, he wished to make a record, and was on his way to General Shafter's headquarters with several bags of mail for him and the members of his staff, and two or three regiments. He further stated, this mail had been carried by a Cuban pony that was not able to proceed farther, and asked General Bates for the use of a horse to carry the mail, and, if possible, to be provided with one for himself. As there were only two horses in the immediate command, and as the general's had been working very hard that day, it was impossible to oblige him.

"Bill" Wright, however, volunteered to go with Mr. Brewer and

thus far, really looked what he was described to be—utterly unable to continue farther with his burden. The important mail bags were put upon the one horse of the expedition, and the two men started. I learned afterward that, after having reached the end of their eight-mile journey, Lieutenant Noble, of General Shafter's staff, was awakened, as well as the general himself. The reception was not quite what Mr. Brewer had anticipated after his endeavor to create a record as a "hustler." In fact, in language much more forcible than polite, and which vied with the lightning which was to be seen at the time, it could not, by the greatest stretch of the imagination, be considered as expressing appreciation of his efforts. The gist of the thing was, that the general objected to being awakened for such a trivial thing as the arrival of mail matter, the delivery of which should have been delayed until morning. The mail was, however, left there and the two men returned to Siboney, arriving some time after two o'clock. At that time the general post



The "Deadly Gulch," where so many "Rough Riders" were Surprised after they Thought their Battle was Over.

office was at Daiquiri. When I asked Mr. Brewer the next day why this was so, he said it was because of General Shafter's orders. Of course, no more questions were asked after that. The office was removed to Siboney later. When



Captain Woodbury Kane.

Coming from Camp occupied after Fight to Camp on Battlefield.

the general order was given to burn all the buildings in the place, those in charge of the post office were given fifteen minutes in which to remove the contents of their place of business. When I returned from the yellow fever camp and went to look about for mail, I discovered the post office to be distributed in three or four tents, and these had only been procured by the personal activity of the men in charge. The first night I went there I met an old schoolmate, George Gallup, whom I had not seen for nearly twenty years. It is needless to say any personal mail was well looked after, but this was not the case with that of a great many others—not through any fault of the post-office officials, however. Another order of General Shafter's was to the effect that no mail

should be taken up to the front. I should regret extremely to be the cause of any mishaps to those in the office, but it is a pleasure to record the fact that this order was not obeyed. When the different regiments sent their representatives



Grave of Captain Alyn Capron, Jr., Siboney. Sunday, June 26th.

down "on the sneak," they returned with all of the mail which was addressed to them. During all this time Mr. Brewer showed the same indefatigable spirit. I left the yellow fever hospital two days before the prescribed time, but being adjudged well enough to go, the space being needed, I was permitted to depart. My place was taken by Mr. Brewer, who had succumbed to fever and was very much debilitated from his overwork. He was the last patient I saw as the cars carried us away. Four days later he was dead. If a man ever died at his post in the discharge of his duty, that man did.

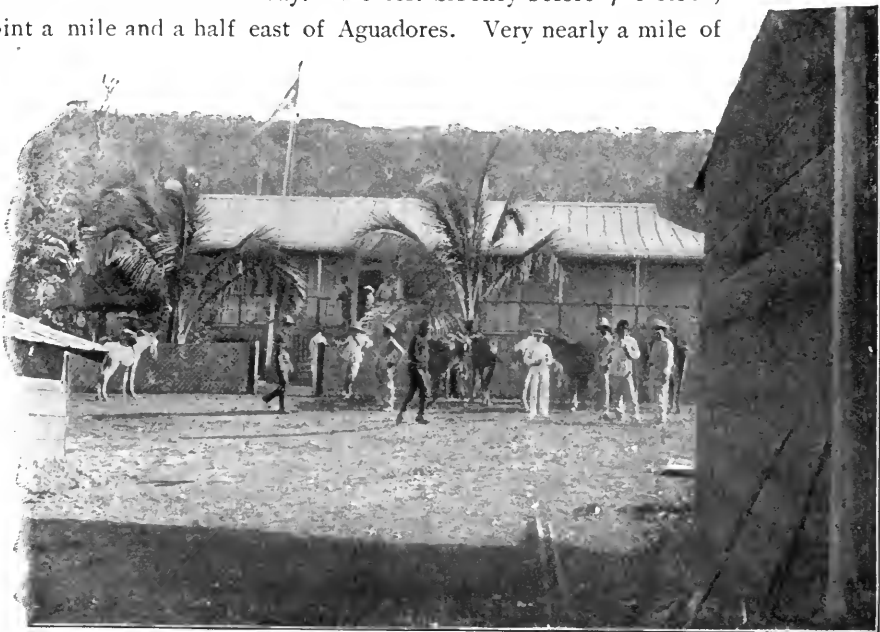
A number of interesting photographs were taken during the few days we were waiting about Siboney, among others being "Colonel Astor on his Way to the Front"; "General Shafter, immediately after he was Mounted for the First



In Camp at Siboney, June 26th: "Olivette," with Marshall on Board, in Cenúe.

Time," upon the poor horse which was to carry him to the front; "Golf Champion Whigham receiving the Benefit of a 'Lift' from General Breckinridge's Son"; "The First Engine restored to Life" and the one which hauled the first train to Santiago; the railroad track upon which the 33d Michigan slept the night of their arrival; group of poor starving Cuban "soldiers" who were so weak that they could not carry away more than two hundred pounds of food each; our headquarters, with its beautiful vine-clad exterior, and other scenes of interest.

On Thursday morning, June 30th, in pursuance of an order issued by General Shafter, "Bill" Wright and "Sammy" Smiley, with an escort of ten men of the "20th," started on a tour of investigation, the object being to discover whether or not it was possible for a pack train of mules to cross the mountain to General Shafter's headquarters, on anything like a direct line from the railroad which ran along the shore. I accompanied them, as it was pretty well known that the attack upon Santiago was to be made the next day. We left Siboney before 7 o'clock, aboard a flat car, and were carried to a point a mile and a half east of Aguadores. Very nearly a mile of level country, through brush, was traversed before we came to the foot of the mountain. After what was adjudged to be a tramp of more than six miles across the mountain, the conviction was rather firmly established in the mind of everyone that no mule could traverse the path, whether loaded or not. Upon coming to an open space, a broad field, we were made aware of our proximity to somebody by hearing a peculiar whistling noise; this we later discovered to have emanated from a blockhouse some thousand yards distant. We had been discovered walking across the field, and they took this playful way of informing



Cuban Headquarters at Siboney, June 28th.

us that we were getting into a country which held no welcome for us. Continuing on our way, however, we came to a camp of Cuban outposts. The other members of the party partook of an improvised luncheon ; nibbling at a few pieces of hardtack was the limit of my personal appreciation. We went back a distance of over a mile, to General Shafter's headquarters, where " Bill " and " Sammy " rendered their verdict. They were then ordered to proceed to General Wheeler's headquarters and get two horses, which were to carry them back to Siboney as quickly as possible, with instructions to General Bates to move to the front immediately.

The " 20th," I afterward learned, started at nine o'clock and marched and fought almost incessantly for the next two days at both El Caney and San Juan, with little or no sleep.

Two hours of that afternoon were spent very pleasantly at the ford near General Wheeler's headquarters, in watching the various regiments and troops on their way to the front. This ford, like all of the others, was a monument to the stupendous inadequacy of the engineers who accompanied the army. Of course, such a thing as luxury is not to be expected, but just why this lack of thoughtfulness should have existed, is hard to tell. No effort, however slight, was made to provide a crossing at this ford, or any other. Had a tree been cut down and



First Engine Restored to Life, Siboney. June 28th.

thrown across the stream, with one side chopped flat, it would have prevented much sickness. This stream, however, which was forded many times by every horse, mule, and man that went to the front, was without the slightest suggestion of an effort to facilitate the crossing in any instance. I know from personal experience, having had no chance to undress for three nights, the condition in which everybody's feet must have been. Nearly all who came to the ford attempted to avoid the water as much as possible, all excepting the colored troops. The moment these men saw the water, every one of them let out a yell and rushed into it with a shout of delight, each doing his best to splash his fellows. This was the manner in which they went at everything.

The scene near General Shafter's headquarters, taken at five o'clock that afternoon, gives a very clear idea of the stream and its necessities. While it was forded several times by every man and animal going to the



Siboney, June 27th.



Cuban Warriors (?) arriving at Siboney. (In distance)

suffering from a severe attack of sciatica, he had been driven up from one of the lower camps. It is a pleasure to be able to express the belief that no man who accompanied this expedition, acting in the capacity of correspondent, was

front, it was also the only available supply of drinking water. If any sickness resulted from drinking this water, it is not to be wondered at.

A number of interesting scenes were taken around General Shafter's camp that night. The balloon which was to be the cause of so much death and havoc the next morning, was tested. General Lawton was kept occupied most of the evening receiving information from Cuban officers as to how he should move upon El Caney—which he was to do before sunrise next morning. The air was filled with rumors, and everyone knew that the morrow was to be a very momentous day for our Army.

The picture of Richard Harding Davis climbing out of the wagon was taken soon after sunset. Because of

more successful than the gentleman in this picture. His entire conduct during the first fight of the Rough Riders and the later days before San Juan, was such as any man should be proud to imitate. Luck favored him very materially, in being thrown into the excitement, but from many who were in the very thick of the fray, I learned of his admirable conduct. Mr. Davis is, however, a young man who has a very proper trait: he treats people as people treat him. He had in his possession a very powerful pair of field-glasses, which in no way could be adjudged neutral. Most people had to be looked at through these; consequently, when he gazed at General Shafter he looked through one end, and when he regarded Colonel Roosevelt, he looked through the other. The deeds of both were minimized or magnified accordingly.

That night, having neither a blanket roll nor a place to rest my weary head, kind fate threw me in the way of several hospitable newspaper men. Armstrong of the *Sun* (who has written such admirable articles since the war), Collins of the *Boston Journal*, Smith of the *Atlanta Journal*, Cramer of the *Atlanta Constitution*, and Creelman of the *Journal*, were my hosts at the evening meal,



33d Michigan Camping on Track, Morning after Arrival at Siboney.

which consisted of coffee, hardtack and beans, but it was altogether an extremely jolly and comforting repast. Later, when on board the *Aransas*, while lying at the Santiago dock, Collins went ashore to purchase some souvenirs for me. As I did not have a chance to see him again, I wrote, some time after leaving the hospital in New York City, asking him whether he had any of the purchases in his possession. A reply, signed by his brother, read: "The Collins to whom your letter was addressed, died at Port Tampa on the 5th of August." That night Armstrong, Smith, and myself slept on a poncho and were covered by a thin blanket, but with the very attractive bit of canvas shown in the picture for a roof.



Cuban Soldiers (?) at Siboney, June 28th.

The picture was taken just before sunrise on the morning of July 1st.

Creelman started off for El Caney, where he distinguished himself by very foolhardy work and reckless bravery; it was he who pulled down the Spanish flag from the block-house. The others of the party started for El Poso Hill, believing that we would thus be enabled to witness the warmest part of the conflict. On the way we passed another lot of those brave Cuban warriors. General Garcia was photographed, surrounded by several hundred of his followers. When we reached El Poso we saw these streaming along the

road on their way to the front. Their orders were to go to the extreme right, beyond General Lawton, who was to move up on the right after taking El Caney. They obeyed these instructions and went so far to the right, that they were out of sight and out of hearing, during the fighting.

The scenes about the ruins at El Poso, shortly after sunrise, were extremely varied and interesting ; important person-



Cuban Warriors (?) waiting for Food, Siboney, June 28th.

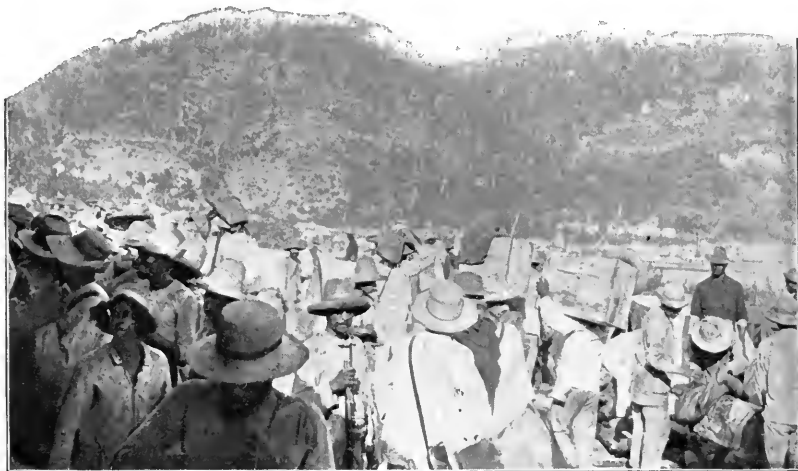


Breckinridge giving Golf Champion Whigham a Lift to the Front, Siboney, June 29th.

ages were moving about, and, while everybody appreciated the gravity of the situation, a certain lightness of manner seemed to prevail. Soon the first gun which was to be fired on San Juan was started up the hill, to go a distance of 125 or 130 yards. It was a picture worthy the brush of a great artist. It will undoubtedly be justly represented some day, as Frederic Remington stood on the brow of the hill upon its arrival. I followed the gun until it was put into its position and took several views of it at different moments. The other three guns, which constituted the battery, were in turn taken up and put into place. It was a wonderfully clear and beautiful day. The naked eye could easily discern the buildings at San Juan, a distance of a mile and three-quarters, while away off to the right, the booming of Capron's battery and the continuous firing of our men and the enemy at El Caney, could be heard from a distance of two and a half miles. Nobody standing on that hill expected to miss anything, but fate was again unkind to some of us. The guns had been in position for some time, and the men were becoming anxious for the fray. I was talking with General Sumner when Adjutant-General McClelland, who represented General Shafter, approached him. The few

words which I heard them both speak were jotted down at the time with appreciation of their newspaper and historic value. General Sumner said: "Well, when are we going to begin this thing?"

General McClelland pulled out his watch and, looking over at El Caney, replied: "Our orders were not to do anything, until Lawton got through over there, but he seems to be pretty busy." There was a great deal of truth in this remark, as General Lawton and everybody else thought that El Caney would be taken with very little resistance and in a very brief time. He had, however, reckoned without his host, for it was past three o'clock that afternoon before they finally captured the village, after one of the most desperate and stubborn fights in modern history. General McClelland and General Sumner continued the conversation, during which I withdrew; but, upon the departure of the former, I rejoined General Sumner and was speaking of some matters pertaining to the moment, when General McClelland, for a second time approached and, again pulling out his watch, said: "Well, I guess you might as well begin." These are the exact words in which the order was given to fire the first shot on San Juan. General Sumner then gave the order to Captain Grimes, who was standing at a distance of about fifty feet, between guns No. 2 and No. 3. Captain Grimes gave the order to the gunner of gun No. 1. As the latter prepared to fire, I picked up my machine and gauged it for fifty feet and, just as he pulled the string, I



Happy Cubans carrying away Food, Siboney, June 29th.

squeezed the bulb. The picture is not at all a clear one, because of the concussion caused by the shot, which seemed to shake the very ground upon which we stood. This picture I believe to be the only one in existence of the first shot fired from the first gun on San Juan. Other pictures of the first gun have been shown, but none of the "first shot from the first gun." I also took the first shot from the second gun. For the next half-hour we watched the continued firing of our guns. In order that we might see just where the shrapnel or shells burst, we would lie flat upon the ground to look beneath the heavy cloud of white smoke which arose as each gun was fired. This smoke furnished a most admirable target for the Spanish gunners ; there was no necessity to guess at our location. Among



Colonel John Jacob Astor going to the Front for the First Time, Siboney, June 29th.

other pictures taken during the firing is one of Colonel Wood, now Governor of Santiago, taking his first view of the city, whose affairs he was afterward so ably to administer. Another is of Colonel Astor and Rutherford Corbin—General Corbin's son—one of the very best and most reckless of newspaper correspondents there. Nobody on the hill that day seemed to take the firing more coolly than did Colonel Astor. Possibly a half-hour had elapsed, during which time we were felicitating ourselves upon the very easy time we were having, as we watched our shrapnel explode near the blockhouses or trenches on the hill beyond. Everyone was firm in the belief that the enemy had no guns with which to return our fire. The dispelling of this illusion was, however, very sudden and pronounced. We had all become quite accustomed to the sound of our own cannon and were wondering whether we would be in San Juan in two hours or three, when suddenly, we heard a peculiar noise, which sounded very like the roar of a cannon. We were not mistaken. Scarcely had the sound reached our ears when we heard a singing noise, and looking ahead we saw something come whizzing through the air. It had been timed to burst over us ; but, while fate was unkind in many other instances, the one act of permitting that thing to go on its way without molesting us, quite overbalanced the rest. It passed over our heads at a height of about fifty feet, and a second later burst over the ruins at El Poso. At that moment the Rough Riders, with a number of other troops and companies, as well as several Cubans, were awaiting orders to move. No orders were necessary after the arrival of that shrapnel ; everybody moved as quickly as possible ; but two or three were killed and a number of others wounded by the explosion. I had started to gauge my machine to



General Shafter, after Mounting to Go to Front for First Time, June 29th

take a picture at the distance, when suddenly, another shot was heard. This one was aimed lower, and I believe the story of that colored trooper, who said that those things sang : " I want ye ! I want ye ! I want ye !" as they came toward you. This one was aiming directly at the place where my scarf pin would ordinarily have been. I braced both feet to be able to jump to one side or the other ; but " praises be," it fell short, and exploded about twenty feet in front of us. I thereupon turned and took a picture of the effect of the first shrapnel, after which, with all of the alacrity acquired in earlier years, I took to the woods as rapidly as possible. If it be an indication of lack of bravery not to stand there and argue, with those things coming from a distance of a mile and a half, then I am lacking in that quality.

That hill was soon as barren as a desert, with the exception of those who manned the guns ; these men stood there, out in the open, with absolutely no shelter or protection, a target for the enemy, and bravely, resolutely, returned the fire for hours. Two of the men at gun No. 3 were killed within the first few minutes, but the others remained at their posts



33d Michigan going into Camp at Siboney.

until long after the firing of the enemy had ceased. Those who had been at the foot of the hill went up the road between El Poso and San Juan as quickly as possible. I halted beside a tree which stood at a distance of probably 150 yards from where the cannonading was in progress. Here I found Remington, Crane, Whigham, Bengough, Captain Paget of the English Navy, the Japanese attaché, and several other foreign representatives.

Nobody had the slightest idea that anything was to occur at San Juan, until General Lawton had finished what he started to accomplish at El Caney. Thus it was, that we all chanced to miss what happened on that memorable occasion at San Juan. From our vantage point, however, we could, with the aid of our glasses, distinctly see everything. We observed the balloon being led down the roadway, and shortly after, saw the shells exploding around it. The taking of that balloon down

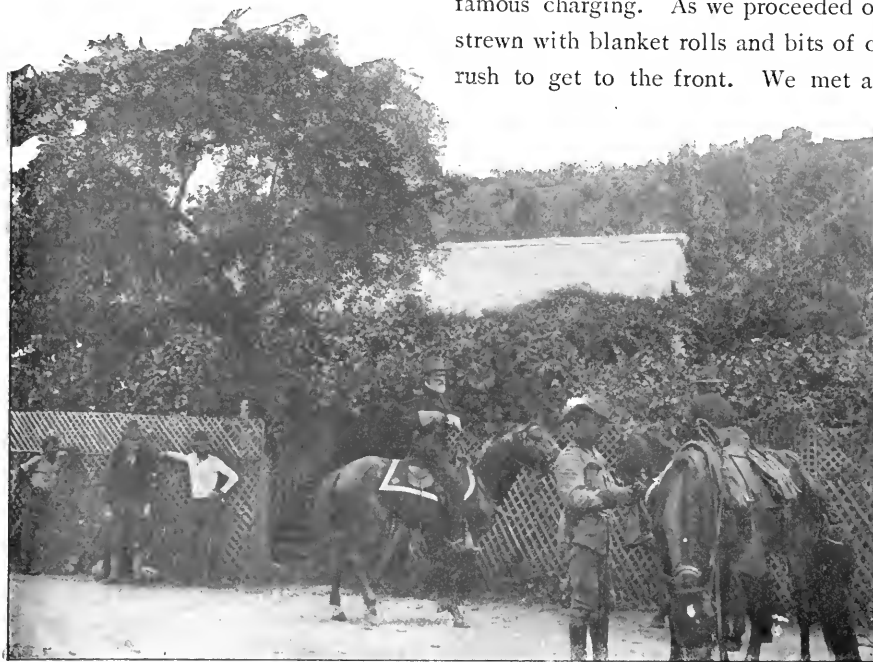
there was one of the most criminally negligent acts of the entire war. Not only were many men killed by the explosion of shells aimed at it, but it also gave those in San Juan a clue to the fact that the road was filled with our men. Soon we heard the increased booming of cannon as the shells, which had hitherto been coming to El Poso, were directed toward the men in that death-trap. Judging from all I have seen and heard, I do not think that anyone could be blamed for seeking shelter from the galling fire which was rained down upon those men in the front of the line that morning; it was either a case of standing there to be shot down like sheep, or else go against almost certain death. After remaining for an hour and a half on the hill, where we witnessed the earlier charges, Remington started off alone, while Whigham, Crane, and myself went up the road together, to where the firing was then at its height. As we passed by the ford at the foot of the hill, we saw Scovel sitting under a tree writing rapidly, while a man with a horse stood near, waiting to



"9th" preparing to Go to the Front.

carry his despatch. As Scovel saw us pass he shouted: "Don't go up there! Sharpshooters!" We stopped and inquired what he meant, and were informed that the trees on both sides of the road were full of sharpshooters, who had been picking off men ever since they started to go up the road. He himself had just returned, having seen much of the famous charging. As we proceeded on our way, the road seemed to be literally strewn with blanket rolls and bits of clothing which had been thrown aside in the rush to get to the front. We met a number of the wounded coming down and

saw some really pitiable sights. After proceeding for half a mile, two men were noticed ahead of us, assisting a man who had received a very severe wound in his ankle; he had paused and was bending over to adjust the bandage, when we heard the sharp whir-r-r of a bullet. With a low moan he fell forward. We rushed up to find that his whole left jaw had been shattered. I took a picture of the group as he lay there, but it did not develop. We looked about into the trees, but could not see any sign of life: the smokeless powder rendered detection impossible and we could not judge the direction from the sound.



General Bates.

Lieutenant Wright.

General Bates's Headquarters Siboney (afterward General Duffield's Headquarters): Yellow Fever Incubator.

Another two hundred yards or thereabouts were traversed, when suddenly there came the most piercing shriek I ever heard in my life. Looking back some twenty-five feet, toward a spot which we had passed but a few seconds before, we saw a young man bending over and feeling his knee; as he did so, the blood spurted out at both sides. He had been shot directly through the knee-joint. I "snapped" a picture of him, which also was unsuccessful. We all sought to be of any possible service, but he had friends near by who said they would take care of him. We three resumed our march, passing several others, and occasionally a dead body lying by the roadside, when, while in a broad open spot, we heard the whir-r-r of two bullets within a distance of two or three feet in front of us. As we halted, I ventured the remark that it was a little bit warm and getting more so, and that in a very short time we were liable to be targets, in a manner which might be very disagreeable. Consequently, we retraced our steps and returned to near El Poso. Whigham and Crane went back in a few moments, but this for me was a physical impossibility. The fever by this time had taken a very firm hold. While seated in the old ruins, where I had been for possibly ten or fifteen minutes, leaning against the wall, two troops of mounted cavalry



Cuban Officers leading their Valiant Hosts to Do Picket Duty up the Railroad Track, June 29th.

approached. After going a quarter of the way up the hill, the men dismounted and proceeded over the brow. They had been ordered to make a detour of the mountain and see whether the enemy was surrounding us. While they were there, I saw a party of horsemen coming up the road from the rear. It proved to be General Shafter, accompanied



Cuban Patriots waiting for Orders—and Food, Siboney, June 29th.

by five or six others. I did not notice particularly who they were, except that one was Colonel Astor's secretary, who accompanied the staff. As they reached a spot opposite me, I crossed over to within a few feet of them, and while doing so, two volleys were heard on the other side of the hill. One of the men asked me what it was. I said: "It's the Spaniards." General Shafter was about ten yards in advance of the others. As soon as he heard the firing, he turned his horse, came back to the group, and asked: "What was that?" The young man replied: "They say it's the Spaniards, general." General Shafter rode his horse to the foot of the hill and proceeded upward, until he had gone about one-fifth of the distance. He then returned and continued on his way back to the rear.



Cuban Warriors waiting for Luncheon before Proceeding to Battle, June 29th.

A great deal of controversy has resulted from the actions of General Shafter that day. In his report he claims to have gone to the top of El Poso Hill, and after seeing that certain generals were safely intrenched and giving orders as to what they should do, he returned to his camp, where he witnessed the progress of the battle from a nearby hill.

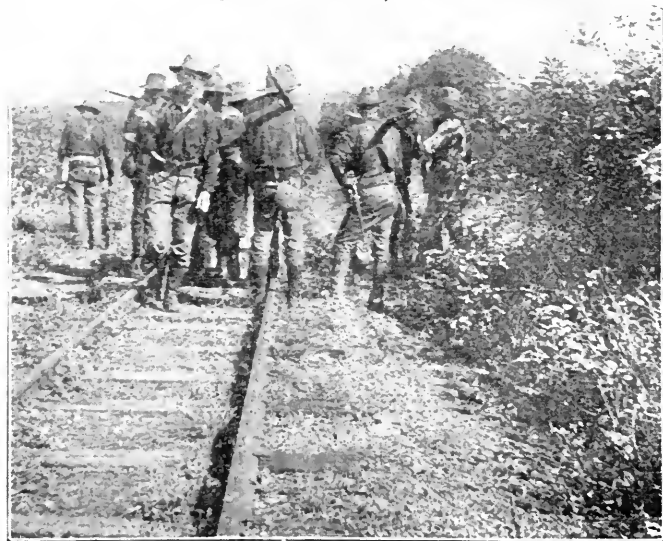
There was no hill within quite a distance of General Shafter's headquarters, which were a good four miles from San Juan. It would have been an absolute impossibility, even with the aid of the most powerful glasses—because of intervening hills, trees, and shrubbery—to have seen anything which would be a suggestion of what was occurring.



Railroad to Aguadores : on Our Way to Discover Pack Trail.

After sitting there for another quarter of an hour, Smedberg came up the road mounted and leading another horse. I asked him where he was going. He replied, that he had come back from the front to get the horse to convey a wounded officer to the rear. He gave me a lift as far as he went. In this way I was enabled to get up to the ford beside the "bloody bend" at four o'clock. Here I had to dismount, as the horse was given to Captain Henry, who had been badly wounded. Davis was assisting him to bandage the wound. At that time shells and bullets were flying very thickly. The ford at this particular place was three feet deep, and every wagon and ambulance crossed it with extreme difficulty. My desire was to remain

up there and rejoin General Bates, but an appreciation of my physical condition, showed only too clearly that it would be well to get within reach of a little assistance, if necessary, that night. Consequently, after "snapping" several pictures there—



Our Escort, June 30th.



Engine which Hauled us, June 30th.

only one of which developed—I began to retrace my steps. A number of very pitiable sights were witnessed during that walk. It took an hour and a half to cover the mile.

Shortly after dark, an interesting group gathered around the table for the evening meal. The table was a

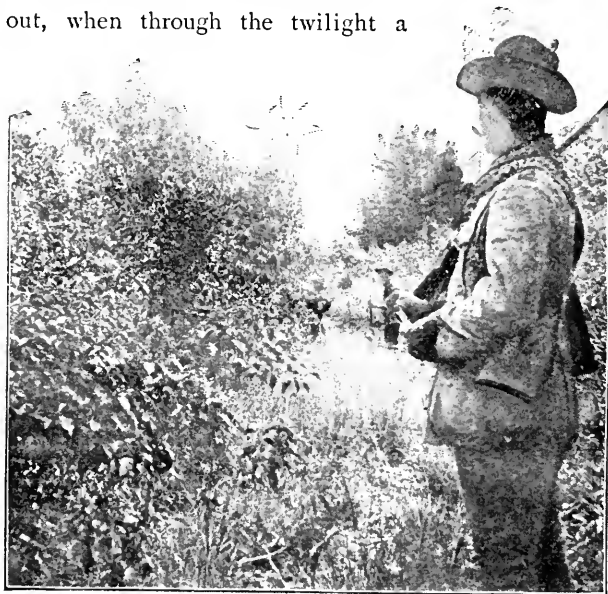


On the Trail.

figure was seen approaching. It proved to be Davis, who was seeking food and shelter after a hard day's work.

As may well be imagined, it was a very interesting party and the recounting of the scenes and incidents of the day would

box, which in some mysterious way, had been brought there. At it were seated Crane, Scovel, Musgrove of the *Journal*—who has done a great deal of the most daring and reckless work in Cuban journalism, Nichol of the *World*, Rea, and “Jimmy” Hare—photographer of *Collier's Weekly*. The first instalment of fat hog meat had been doled out, when through the twilight a



Passing Word that Front Man has Discovered Spanish Blockhouse in Distance.

have made one of the most readable books of the war, had they been recorded.

At nine o'clock we went our various ways to seek shelter for the night. Crane bunked on a pile of saddles and provender, with a blanket over him, and Scovel, also, slept within a few feet of our camp fire. Davis and I had been told that there were several empty tents which had been pitched by the Rough Riders early that morning. We went in search of them, but without success. Returning to the one covered ruin, we were told by the sentry that there was room for a couple more to lie on the stone floor. Accordingly, we were soon stretching our weary bones upon a blanket, which was the only thing between us and the hardest floor that ever was given to mortal man to lie upon. Before sunrise in the morning, we climbed out of the building and returned to the camp for breakfast. Upon departing, we were informed that the blanket upon which we had slept, had been the bed of Captain "Buckey" O'Neill of the Rough Riders—who had been killed the

day before. While we were sitting by the fire, watching the boy prepare coffee, two figures slowly approached. One was Basil Ricketts and the other was Crosby. I had met Ricketts the afternoon before, on his way down from the front, being assisted by two men, he having a very bad wound, with the bullet still in his groin. Crosby was nursing one which was lodged in his chest. Both had been to the improvised Rough Riders' hospital during the night, but as there



Where First Spanish Shot Greeted us, 11 A.M. June 30th.

was no one there to give them any attention, they had come down on their way to the general hospital. Ricketts enjoyed the coffee, but his companion was unable to touch it. Soon they continued their journey. Later, I learned that, upon



Camp of Cuban Outpost, One Mile and a Half beyond General Shafter's Headquarters, June 30th

their arrival at the general hospital, they found it next to impossible to get any attention and, consequently, had availed themselves of an opportunity to be carried on down to Siboney in a wagon.

The firing had already begun, in fact it began before five o'clock, and the distant boom of cannon and volleys of the infantry served as an orchestra for our feast. The meal was enjoyed by the others, but my own individual desire was to be permitted to lie upon the ground unmolested. Several times I attempted to stand, but without much success. The fever had hold of me in a manner which was far from pleasant. However, after three hours I managed to start out, and two hours later was half a mile up the road. Here further progress became impossible and, after lying upon a bed of tent rolls piled up on the side of the road, I saw Borrowe and the dynamite gun, passing on the way back to El Poso. Two of the men gave me an arm for most of the distance, but they finally proceeded on their way, while I consumed the next two hours in walking and crawling a quarter of a mile to an old ruin by the stream, just below El Poso. After disrobing to the extent of my camera and revolver, I proceeded to occupy the stream. It was extremely grateful. Several men warned me of the serious error of lying in the water, while others endeavored to bodily remove me to the rocks on the shore. However, they desisted and my peaceful rest in the bosom of the stream continued until after three o'clock. Being suffi-



9th Cavalry (Colored), crossing Ford on Way to Front, June 30th.

ciently recovered by that time to sit on the edge of the wall, I began to appreciate the fact that an improvised headquarters was there. Adjutant-General McClernand was giving all of the orders from this point. Many interesting incidents occurred during these few hours. The rain came down in torrents most of the afternoon, but shortly after five the sky cleared. Two pack trains of mules, laden with ammunition, were gladly welcomed at about four o'clock. Word had



General Hawkins on his Way to Front, near General Wheeler's Camp, June 30th.

come from the firing line that two entire regiments were helpless—having fired their last shot. The mules actually seemed to appreciate their importance and to prick up their ears, as they started off at an increased pace. While we were sitting there, a number of shrapnel burst at no great distance from us. It was certainly a very creepy feeling which pervaded the atmosphere near five o'clock. Had those Spaniards but known their power at that time, some very sad history would undoubtedly have been written concerning our army. At twenty minutes to six, General McClernand gave me permission to climb into a wagon, which was on its way to General Shafter's headquarters. It was not a particularly fascinating ride. Shrapnel was flying all about, and it was not until the first mile had been traversed that we felt safely out of its reach. Just before darkness came on, we halted in the middle of the road. I was too ill and worn out to inquire what was going on, but after we had been there for an hour, I looked over the side of the wagon and saw that we were blockaded.

The driver said he had endeavored to have those in front move out of the way, but without success. Wishing to get to Siboney if possible, or at least to General Shafter's headquarters, I climbed out of the wagon and went ahead to learn the cause of the stopping. The mud was fully six inches deep. Upon reaching the front wagon, it was seen to contain a number of wounded. We were before the general hospital, which was situated behind a hedge that ran along the roadside. The few moments there were quite the most impressive of any experienced during my stay in Cuba. A number of tents had been erected, but there was no shelter for a great many; some were lying either upon the litters or cots which had conveyed them there, or else, in several instances, upon the wet ground, with nothing but a poncho or a blanket beneath them.

3

The heavy rain during the afternoon had left the entire place a sea of mud and water. The first person I met was "Doc" Church, whom I had not seen since the day of the Yale-Princeton game the year before. I had been told of his excellent work in the first



Richard Harding Davis arriving at General Shafter's Headquarters, Sunset, June 30th



General Sumner and General Lawton, Evening of June 30th.

Rough Riders' fight. He certainly was an inspiring figure at that moment. He gave me a few grains of something—I don't know what, nor did I care at the

time. While we were looking about and conversing, two or three volleys were heard in the woods near us. Upon inquiry I learned that it was our soldiers, who were guarding the camp and were, at that moment, searching for some Spanish murderers who had fired two volleys into the hospital but a few minutes before. The brief period spent there is indelibly stamped upon my mind as nothing has been in years. For the dozens of wounded lying about, waiting to be operated upon, there were only four physicians,



Creelman.

Collins. Armstrong. Smith.

Where we Slept, Night of June 30th : Sunrise, July 1st.

including Dr. Church and Dr. Ducker. Eleven of those men were buried side by side the next morning. At my earnest request, Church ordered the two wagons out in the road to be unloaded, although he remarked at the time: "I don't see what we are going to do with them, the place is crowded and there is absolutely no accommodation for them." The men were, however, lifted out of the wagons and given the best care possible. We then proceeded on our way to General Shafter's headquarters. Here several newspaper men were seated or standing about a fire, over which a large pail of coffee was boiling. After another futile attempt at drinking a portion of it, I proceeded once more to the wagon and was soon asleep. Presently, heavy cannonading and thousands of shots were heard in the distance; also the sound of horses' hoofs approaching. Two troops of cavalry were on their way to the front. The cause of this cannonading was the now famous charge of the Spaniards, who came out shortly after nine o'clock, but were met by the deadly hail which soon drove them back. It was with a very pronounced sigh of relief that we heard, within the next two hours, they had been resisted. The next morning another wagon started for Siboney. Not because of personal discomfort, but because of the fact that it is the truth, I wish to say, that the road between General Shafter's camp and Siboney, will always remain as a monument to the criminal negligence of the Engineer Corps



Smith.

Cramer.

Correspondents on their Way to the Front, early July 1st.

that we had in Cuba. Had twenty men gone along the road and broken the stones, or pitched some of them to one side, many who were badly wounded or seriously ill, would have survived. As it was, they undoubtedly received setbacks by the cruel jars which seemed to occur every few feet. Arriving in Siboney at noon, a spare cot was found in the *Journal* camp. Jack Follansbee, who had gone to Cuba on



Correspondents nearing El Poso, Morning of July 1st.



General Garcia and Warriors near El Poso, Morning of July 1st.

a pleasure expedition with Mr. Hearst, became involved in the fight at El Caney, and several men told me of his really excellent and dare-devil exploits. We were com-



First Gun going up El Poso Hill.

up the morning of their memorable first day's fight. Arriving at the top, I mounted, and had ridden a possible two hundred yards when I took an artistic header which

panions—in as far as lying upon cots and being dead to the world was concerned—for the next three days. On the morning of Monday, July 4th, being actuated by a desire to return to the front, Jack Mumford, who was in charge of the *Journal* interests, gave me the use of the horse which Smith of the *Atlanta Journal* was leading to El Caney, to convey Creelman back to Siboney. With a bit of regard for the horse—even though twenty pounds had vanished since arriving at Daiquiri—I led him up the first steep hill, the one which the Rough Riders had gone



First Gun on Brow of Hill.



First Gun in Place.

inspiring information of our defeat of the Spanish fleet the day before, did much to brace us all. For two days after returning, until Wednesday evening, I did not touch a particle of food or water—in fact, these necessities had not been utilized, except in extremely small quantities of the latter, in over five days.

Appreciating the fact that something must be wrong, Mumford, on Wednesday evening, procured a physician.

would have done credit to the best trained acrobat. I was too weak to sit on the animal, so told Smith to go ahead and I would get back to Siboney. Three hours were occupied in returning a little over half a mile. The

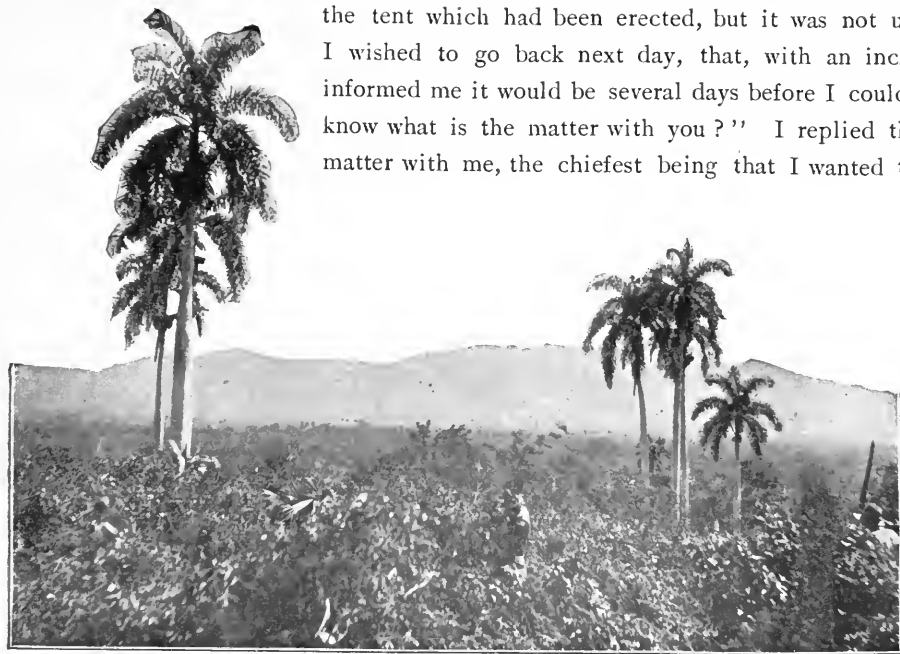


Sighting First Gun.

This proved to be Dr. Guiteras, the famous yellow-fever expert. He gently intimated to me, that I could receive better care by going with him to his tent on the hillside. Not caring particularly about remaining where I was, being very much of a nuisance, I accepted the assistance of two men and went to a tent about one hundred yards from the *Journal* headquarters. Here I found Major Webb of the 33d Michigan. For two days and nights we lay there, I being utterly unable to partake of any food at all, but with the growing knowledge that I was getting very foolish in the head. Friday afternoon, three other men having joined our pleasure party, Dr. Guiteras informed us that we were to be moved out into the country—where we could enjoy the mountain breezes. I expected to be back within two days ; so, when the colored boy came up from the *Journal* headquarters with a dress-suit case, which contained a few luxuries in the way of clothing and other things, I told him to return it to the office. He asked me if I did not want it. I said: “No !” Later, I learned that this was construed into meaning that I gave it, with its contents, to him. However, trifling details like that did not interest me at the moment. We five were carried on litters to a freight car and conveyed a distance of two miles up in the mountains ; in fact, to the exact spot where we had pitched our tents the night of June 23d. I was the first one in



First Gun Ready to Fire.



Scene from El Poso Hill just before First Shot was Fired—El Caney and Capron's Battery in Distance.

the tent which had been erected, but it was not until the next morning, when I said that I wished to go back next day, that, with an incredulous smile, the attending physician informed me it would be several days before I could return. He then added : " Don't you know what is the matter with you ? " I replied that I knew there were several things the matter with me, the chiefest being that I wanted to get back to the excitement. He said :

" You have a very bad case of yellow fever, and if you don't lie still for several days, you will for several years." It was the first intimation that I had so successfully cultivated the acquaintanceship of this disease. I was only in the camp, however, for five days. Others who went up with me remained, in some instances, for weeks. Yellow fever is a peculiar sort of disease. If you let it get the better of you, you will be ill all the time. If you get the better of it, you will soon get over it. But it is not to be trifled with. During the

five days that we were in our camp, the chief excitement was in watching the coming of the little dinkey engine which hauled the two cars. Within five days the number of patients had increased to seventy-two. There were nine in our tent and twelve in the adjoining one. We had a bit of space in ours, but that was because of personal influence

and vigorous kicking. The men in the other tent were lying on cots which stood side by side, no space intervening. When I saw Rathom of San Francisco, in New York, late in August, he had lost sixty-seven pounds. The day he came up to the tent next ours, he was a very large but also a very sick man. He told me afterward that he had seen three men die, two in one cot and one in another, which were next to his. This drove him into a delirium, which lasted for more than three weeks. Our chief amusement, there being no literature of any kind to read, was in imagining what we would like to eat or drink if we had our choice of anything in the world. Visions of a long Santa Cruz rum punch, which had stood on the table the night we left the Tampa Bay Hotel, would return and put all other thoughts into the shade. One day, in some way, a small piece of ice, weighing possibly eight pounds, was brought to us. It was regarded as too precious to use, so it was handed around from one to the other, until it had faded from view. Another day a box of oranges came up. The first one of the two given me, upon being opened, proved to be nothing but pulp ; the other was hung up on the side of the tent, as I preferred to imagine what its contents might be, rather than again face the painful truth. With these two exceptions, not another piece of ice, lemon, or orange was seen during the stay there. Had these delicacies been provided, not only then, but during the next two or three weeks, and also a quarter of the nursing



Rutherford Corbin. Colonel Astor.  
El Poso Hill during Firing.

which they should have had, been given to the men in that hospital, the majority of those who died would be alive to-day. It was not the fault of dear old Doctor Echeverria that everything was not as it should be. That man had seventy-two cases to look after twice a day, and he did it unflinchingly and uncomplainingly, being on his feet most of the time, from before sunrise until long after dark. For years he had been a Cuban exile. May he now receive the recognition he deserves! The following Wednesday, Dr. Guiteras came up, accompanied by a fresh relay



First Shot from Second Gun fired on San Juan.

of patients. It was found that there were not enough tents for them, therefore five of us were liberated—among others, Bennett of the *Chicago Journal*. I was somewhat loath to leave our companions in the tent, as they were in every instance good fellows. But we had our own future to look after, and although forewarned that it was extremely foolish to return to Siboney, I preferred to do so rather than remain there another moment. My last distinct recollection, just after seeing poor Brewer wave his adieu, was of "Frank," the cymbal player of the Thirteenth Infantry, who had been our nurse during our visit there. A more earnest, inde-

fatigable worker, I never knew. He was always cheery, always willing at any hour of the day or night to do anything that could possibly be of assistance to any of us. Personally, I feel that it is an even chance that I owe my life to him, and many others can speak with equal appreciation.

When we arrived at Siboney we found that all of the buildings had been burned. A search for the *Journal* headquarters revealed the fact that "Jack" Mumford was lying out in the bay suffering from either chills and fever or yellow fever, and that the other men, Lainé, Musgrove, and Bengough, were out on the hill. The "shifless" boy left in charge had not attempted to protect anything. Many valuable articles, such as films and cameras, were soaked by the rain which ran through the tent. He did, however, have my camera and dress-suit case. He explained that he had been able to save these out of the fire, only fifteen minutes' warning having been given. Later, it was very clearly established in my mind, that he and his companion had rescued the things because, to them, the fact of going to the yellow fever hospital, meant a certain non-return. Having nothing but



Between El Caney and San Juan during the El Caney Fight.

a pair of worn-out bath slippers, I searched through the case for a pair of boots which had been very valuable to me in the past, and to which I had become very much attached. To my anxious inquiry the young man replied : " Why,



Colonel Astor.

General Sumner.

Just before First Shrapnel Passed over our Heads.

didn't you give them to Joe ?" " Give them to Joe ?" I repeated, blankly. " Why, yes ; he told me that you said you didn't want your bag any more and that he could have it." I asked him where the boots were. He told me that " Joe " had given them to him and he had just sold them to a man for \$8. No terms could possibly express just what would have been said. While sitting there, gazing at the wreck and ruin about, I saw my boots approaching. They were on the feet of Mr. Cook, the Englishman to whom I had attempted to be kind. The situation was

explained to him and the error of the boy, who returned the \$8 to Mr. Cook. I then requested Mr. Cook to remove the boots. After taking the money, he said that he would go and get something else to wear and would return with them shortly. I told him that I had just gotten out of the hospital and that I needed them very badly, having absolutely nothing to wear. He reiterated the remark that he would return with them shortly. I never saw them until the following November, when they were left at my New York address, in the most filthy, worn-out condition that could be imagined, and, as far as I heard, unaccompanied by thanks.

Late in the afternoon, Dr. Donaldson said he thought he could put me aboard the *Seneca*. She was expected to sail the next morning. Bennett and I took our worldly possessions and climbed into a boat which was going to her. Donaldson went to the captain, who, when he learned of the yellow fever part, was for having me thrown overboard. The boat, however, was utilized. Bennett remained aboard. The history of the *Seneca's* return trip is too well known for anyone to imagine that the departure is not recalled with gratitude. She was a veritable pest-ship.

That night I slept in the same wagon which had been my bed the night of July 2d, it being then on duty at Siboney. The next day the *Anita*, Mr. Hearst's yacht, anchored in the bay. The commander, upon learning the



Tree from which Captain Paget and Other Foreigners, as well as Several Correspondents, Saw First Hour and a Half of San Juan Battle.

condition of several of us, sent a barrel of edibles and drinkables ashore that night. A quart of champagne, which Mr. Lyman had allowed to rest on Associated Press ice all day, was partaken of by three of us, and a very good night's rest



On the Way to the Front.

in one of the cots of my P. O. friend Gallup resulted. In the morning, I asked a subordinate physician whether or not it would be injurious to partake of a ripe pineapple. He said a little would not hurt me. I found it impossible to stop until three-quarters of it had been devoured. A very substantial appetite, the first one in weeks, appeared at breakfast time that morning. It was gratified. During the day, sparkling kolafrä, ginger ale, and apollinaris were all indulged in. About half after four in the afternoon a large chilly feeling began to chase up and down my spine, and an hour later found me on my back with a temperature of  $104\frac{3}{4}$ . Dr. Parker came and administered something. I don't know what it was, but he told me several weeks afterward, in New York, that when we

shook hands that night he thought it was for the last time.

I wish to make grateful acknowledgment to the memory of a man who passed away in the discharge of his duty. Nobody ever went to the Associated Press tent who was not received with open hands by poor old Lyman. On two or three occasions, his companions had given me life-saving meals on board their boats, but nothing was as deeply appreciated or certainly as much needed as that bottle of Poland water, which he sent to me that night. The ability to drink this was undoubtedly very beneficial, and in the morning, considering what I had passed through, I was much improved. On Friday afternoon, July 15th, it was rumored that a transport was actually going north. Several of us hustled about and got permission to go aboard in case she did go. The

fact that I was permitted to board her should probably debar me from criticising the acts of him who gave me the permission, and when I reflect that it was within his power to keep me there, I cannot find it in my heart to pass judgment. At the same time, there are those who have cause for very serious complaint of the management of the Commissary Department in Siboney. That afternoon at about four o'clock, while in search of my passport, I saw two soldiers sitting on the railway track. The doors of the Commissary Department were closed. One of the men looked to be what he really was, very ill. They had been there, I afterward learned, for some time, waiting for the doors to be opened, but their waiting was in vain. Soon they moved down the railway track to the dock. A long line of Cubans showed the sick



Road near "Bloody Bend," Afternoon of July 1st.

man where the Red Cross tent was located. I was interested in his case, for some reason or other, and watched him. He went to the Red Cross tent, inside of which were two men. They were giving out, to each Cuban as he passed by, from two to four cans of different things. The soldier went to the tent and asked one of the men to please give him a box of condensed milk. He was told that they were not allowed to give anything to any Americans, that what they had was only for the Cubans. He then asked if he could not be allowed to buy it. A negative answer was returned.

At that moment, one of the Cubans was given four assorted cans, among them, one of condensed milk. I watched the soldier follow this man to the bushes behind the tent, where, touching him on the shoulder, he pointed to the can of milk and held up a silver half-dollar. The Cuban, with one of those leers and humorous twinkles which was



"That Balloon!"

enough to drive any man to commit murder, shook his nasty head. The soldier then reached in his pocket and pulled out a silver dollar, which he held up. The Cuban, who had by this time learned the value of our money, from its size, with a smile relinquished his can and took the dollar. That was one of many similar incidents observed. Returning to the *World* headquarters, where I had been very hospitably received, I turned in on a spare cot. The next afternoon, everybody who was going on the *Aransas* bade farewell to his companions. With deep gratitude to Scovel, Rea, and Siebold, I followed a colored man, bearing what was left of that precious dress-suit case. The *Journal* headquarters were no more. "Jack" Mumford had

been carried off to the yellow fever hospital the day before. Several of us remained down by the dock from three o'clock in the afternoon until half-past six in the evening. In some mysterious manner the captain of the *Aransas* then came ashore. He said that he expected to sail for New York the next day and had come ashore to get his orders. We finally reached his ship, after being rowed a considerable distance. At no time during my illness have I felt worse than I did at the moment of climbing over the edge of her railing. "Jimmy" Hare was looking after my interests, however, and soon, by artful devices, had secured a stateroom. These were very few and very precious, as a number of officers were expected to occupy them.

There were two women on board, one the wife of an officer, who had come down because of being unable to hear from him, although exhausting cable wires; and Miss Benjamin, who was there in a newspaper capacity. It was a



Crane.

Crosby. Ricketts.  
Nichol.  
Scovel.

Before Sunrise, El Poso, July 2d.

strange sight to see women under those conditions, but it is with much gratitude that I recall Miss Benjamin's act of moving into the stateroom of her sister-voyager, thus making it possible for "Jimmy" and myself to have one. All that night I lay out on the deck in a worse condition than ever. It is a peculiar sensation, that of having

yellow fever, causing one to wish for an obscure hole into which to crawl unseen by mortal man and just die. Personally, I was not there for the purpose of dying, so was satisfied to pull through, but it is not a pleasant occupation. I've been made to feel uncomfortable and unhappy in my life, with the knowledge of enemies about, who were ready to criticise every act, but the absolute disgust with one's self which that disease engenders is really, at times, most pitiful. To feel utterly and wholly unable to stand, at the time when so much was to be done, and then, to lie about like a helpless invalid, an object to criticise or shun, was simply heartbreaking. The next day, instead of sailing as we had expected, we were still kept tossing in the bay. No information was vouchsafed as to when we were liable to start for home. We did learn, however, that Colonel Humphreys, who had entire charge of the transports, had gone up to General Shafter's headquarters, and that nothing could be done until he returned. In the meantime, I passed another night of delirium. Late Monday afternoon, we finally began to



Ambulance going back to Hospital, near "Bloody Bend," Morning of July 2d.

steam up toward Santiago. It was our proud privilege to be aboard the first transport which went in past Morro Castle, and an impressive moment it was, as we steamed within forty yards of the *Reina Mercedes* and, later, the smokestacks and masts of the *Merrimac*. The journey into the harbor that night was one long to be remembered. It was enough to break the heart of any ambitious would-be photographer, when new and beautiful views appeared at every few yards, to know that his films were all gone and to remember how many had been wasted.

We were alongside the dock at Santiago long before sunset. Permission was given to a number to go ashore. Though having scarcely strength to stand, I went in far enough to cross the street of the old market-place—just to say that I had been there. The return journey was not made so rapidly, and not without the assistance of two friends. Another night of lying foolishly on the deck ensued. We lay there all of the next day. Toward evening we pulled out. Before doing so, Dr. Ducker came over to see me. I thought at the time that he happened there accidentally, but later learned that his professional advice had been requested. He told me

*Siboney, July 16<sup>th</sup> 1898.*

*The bearer Mr. Burn  
W. Mc Sutosh has had  
yellow fever, being the first  
case discharged from the  
yellow fever hospital. He  
may be passed on board  
transport going North.  
J. H. Guiteras  
Adj. Asst. Surg. U.S.A.*

that I was all right, but must not touch a drop of anything except hot water for the next two days, and in no way to come in contact with anything chilly. He said that he had to return to the Red Cross ship, the *Texas*, and warned me to do as he bade. After he had gone, the welcome information was spread about the ship that two tons of ice had come

aboard, the gift of Colonel Astor. That night a great deal of it was utilized. It was very gratifying to be rubbing it, not only over the head, but over the body as well. Although I had been told to touch nothing but hot water, I would rather have died sixteen times over than have foregone the blessed privilege of being able to feel that ice. Before retiring that night, "Jimmy" Hare came to me and said there had been a consultation, and the doctor had told him that I was to be put ashore the next morning at Siboney. At first, this was not at all welcome news, when I remembered the days of anxious waiting for a chance to get aboard anything. But second reflection was convincing of my condition. Consequently, when before daybreak the next morning, they hustled me out of bed and, throwing the few loose things in sight into the grip—although many were left behind—we went below, I climbed out of the side of a door into the boat and was rowed ashore. I was put on the dock and left there. It must have been a full hour and a half before a soldier, who had come down to the dock, saw me. I waved my hand toward him and he came



Pack Train with Ammunition passing Adjutant-General McClernand's Headquarters, El Poso, 4 P.M. July 2d.

out. I offered him a dollar to carry the grip up to Dr. Parker's camp and to give me the use of his arm. After a long while we reached the tent. I explained my position and condition to Dr. Parker, who immediately volunteered the use of an extra cot in his tent. Here I proceeded to be all sorts of a nuisance from Thursday until Saturday morning. A number of very interesting events happened there during that time. On the night of my arrival, I heard an orderly say to the group of physicians seated in front of our tent, that a wagon had just come down from the front. He was asked what it contained. He replied: "Ten men—four wounded, three yellow fever, and three typhoid fever." I don't know where they were placed that night. There was no extra space and it was nearly ten o'clock. Their journey must certainly have taken a good four hours. Several bodies were carried past the tent during those two days, to be taken up on the hill for burial.



Dr. Leshner and Clara Barton : Taken from Wagon upon Arriving at Siboney Sunday, July 3d.

Another Christian colored man, who was in charge of Dr. Parker's camp, again did much to render existence possible. On Saturday morning, July 25th, Dr. Ireland came to the camp and asked if there was anybody who wished to go on the *Leona*, which was to sail that day. I signified my wish to do so. Rutherford Corbin, who happened to be sitting there at the time, expressed the same desire. It was explained that the *Leona* was suddenly to be sent north for some cause. We had all expected to go on the *Hudson*, which was to leave that day. About the only particularly lucky stroke which it was my fate to encounter was, that I missed the *Hudson* and found peace and rest on board the *Leona*. Shortly after noon we departed to go down to the dock. Before starting, however, Major Le Garde gave us six lemons. We bade farewell to Major Le Garde—a man who has received absolutely none of the credit which is due him, for his excellent management of the hospital, under extremely adverse circumstances. He is a man who was always careful and thoughtful of the welfare of the most lowly. We also bade a regretful farewell to Dr. Ireland, who had been extremely kind, and to Dr. Parker, without whose kindness, on more than one occasion, I probably would not have pulled through. Dr. Guiteras was not there at the time, but my gratitude to him is quite as full as to the others. The *Leona* was destined to carry not more than seventy men. A number of these had, but a few moments before, left the train, directly from the yellow fever hospital. These were indiscriminately mixed up with the others on board. The journey north was very pleasant, so far as it was possible for an extremely kind, thoughtful captain and helpful chief steward, and two very valuable men, who looked after our immediate needs, to make it. The six lemons were made into lemonade, and lasted for three days. With the exception of that, I did not touch a mouthful of anything to eat or drink. On the fourth day, realizing, that without bracing up, I would not be permitted to land at quarantine, I began to take beef tea, of which, fortunately, I had a jar. There was nothing of the kind on board, only the hardest and most unpalatable rations, but the management of the boat did the very best possible under the circumstances. It was a peculiar sensation to arrive off Old Point Comfort that Thursday night, and to see the lights in the hotel, where so many happy hours had been spent in the past, and then to realize that it was utterly impossible to get even a communication there.

The feeling created was almost stifling. We resumed our journey, after having found to our disappointment that we



Cuban Senoritas in Rear of "Journal" Headquarters, July 4th.

were unable to send a telegram, and arrived off Sandy Hook during the next night. Early in the morning of Saturday Dr. Doty came aboard. I wish there were more men like him. If there had been a few like him in Cuba, there would have been less of the scandal which has tarnished our records.

The few hours passed on Swinburne Island the morning of our arrival, the later visit to Hoffman Island, the disinfesting of self and remnants of clothing while on the way to the city that evening, all left indelible impressions. And then, the realization of the dream—that Santa Cruz rum punch. The scales showed a fading from 238 pounds (the night of leaving Tampa, June 7th) to 172 pounds that night.



Creelman, just after Dismounting from Horse which had Carried him from Hospital, Eleven Miles away, July 4th : Last Picture I Took in Cuba.

When we landed at the Battery, about eleven o'clock, throngs of happy excursionists were returning from nearby pleasure-resorts. Two friends led me to a place where dreams are realized. Alas! some are nightmares. The Santa Cruz rum punch of my dreams was dead sea fruit in this waking moment. The next day I moved to the New York Hospital. After two weeks of earnest probing, malaria was discovered. Maybe there are other ministering angels like the Misses Sutcliffe, Miss O'Geran, Miss Gittings, Miss Gates, Miss McCurdy, Miss Thomson, Miss Reade, and Miss Elliott. If there are, would to God they could have been beside the hundreds who died from neglect. They waited anxiously, day after day, with scores of beds ready at a moment's notice, for some of the poor souls at Montauk to burst the bonds of red tape and come to be under their care. They waited in vain, but every morning they read of the dead and dying whom they could have saved.

During the weeks of lying there, an opportunity

was afforded for "taking stock." The bitterest blow of all was the loss of the last films. With "Jack" Logan's camera and my own, I had taken eighty-four photographs during the first and second days of July. Many historic moments would have been perpetuated, had what I "snapped" that day been developed. My rubber coat was used for those three nights to protect the films and camera—rather than health. The films were all placed in a cigar box, sealed tightly, and mailed. When they arrived at quarantine, I learned later, the disinfecting law had gone into effect. The box was steamed. Only nineteen of the eighty-four were developed with any degree of success. Four hundred other films were sent from New York, everything prepaid, on June 18th. They were addressed, after explicit instructions from the War Department, in care of General Bates. The importance of the package was firmly impressed upon the representatives of the Southern Express Company. They accepted the package with the faithful promise to see it off for Cuba by the first transport. They kept their promise by allowing it to lie at Port Tampa for several weeks, after which, it was sent to Santiago in October and returned to me in New York in November. Had it been sent with even a delay of two weeks, the films would have been worth many times their weight in gold. Had they arrived in season I might have "seen more of Cuba," at that time. But never again.





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